Vol. CXLIII. No. 1859.

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[THE BYSTANDER August 2, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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Inclusive from 110 frs.
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Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel. — Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

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Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.–Navirotel.–Near Cannes golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with trms.

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GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

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GERMANY—*continued*

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneide.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

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Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

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Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-Bar. Garden.

SWITZERLAND

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

SWITZERLAND—*continued*

Davos. — Palace Hotel. — Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food & comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch. Danc. Pens. fr. 15.— Electrically-htd. swim.-pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountaineering

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Ouchy—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lausanne. — Palace-Beau-Site Hotel. — Up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuis. Bar-Grillroom. Orchs. Reas. rates. Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.

Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first-class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

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Lenzerheide.–Grand Hotel Kurhaus.–Leading 1st-class Hotel. Best pos. Large private park. Open-Air Restaurant. Terms from Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

SWITZERLAND—*continued*

Locarno.–Parkhotel.–Select. Quiet. Sunny. Large Park. Terms from Francs 13. Prospectus through the Proprietor, M. Hagen.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel on the Lake.–1st-cl. Sit. in private grounds. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths. Park, Tennis, Garage.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central. Full pens. fr. Frs. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Best lake-side sit. 100 rms. all South with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly all incl. tms. in £

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).–**Hotel Victoria.**–L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

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Pontresina. — The Palace. — First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

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Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pens. terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

The Bystander

Karl Schenker

Maureen O'Hara Follows On

Maureen O'Hara is a newcomer to film-star rank. Over from her home-town Dublin on a trip, she was introduced to producer Pommer, got a screen test, and the lead opposite Laughton in Mayflower's mediocre *Jamaica Inn*. Now she has trod the trail to Hollywood and finally clinched her stardom by a secret marriage—to the man who discovered her—George Brown. Maureen had returned to Hollywood from location and after some denial she admitted, under maternal pressure, that she had been married in London before sailing. "I don't remember where. I don't know London well. There was only one witness, connected with the church. He may have been a gravedigger." (The wedding was at Harrow.) At once the Charles Laughtons invited Maureen and her mother round to their Hollywood house, and he and Elsa Lanchester toasted the bride in champagne. Laughton and Maureen are starring together in a new version of *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk came from Arundel Castle, only a few miles from Goodwood. After the meeting they were busy preparing for his sister's wedding on Monday

The Duke of Norfolk's Sisters

Lady Rachel and Lady Winifrede Howard arrived together. The former is now Lady Rachel Davidson; she married Colin Davidson two days ago. The latter was one of her eldest sister's bridesmaids

Mrs. Burrell, Capt. and Mrs. Prior-Palmer

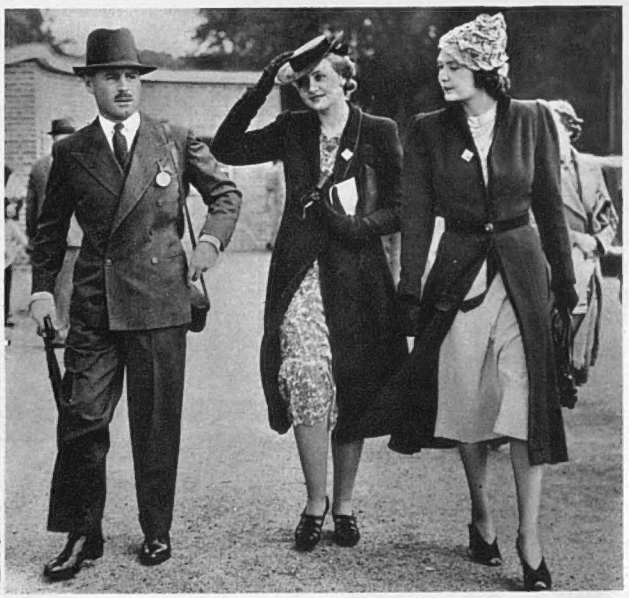
The Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell, at Knepp Castle, was another Goodwood hostess. Her husband, Capt. Walter Burrell, is Sir Merrik Burrell's heir. Capt. and Mrs. Erroll Prior-Palmer (she was Katharine Bibby) were two of her house party

Goodwood Survey

Sunshine on the Sussex Downs

Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney

Jane Kenyon-Slaney started last week as bridesmaid to her sister Vivien when she married Lord Hopetoun on Monday (see p. 161), and went on with it by racing at Goodwood, which coincided with the first spell of summery weather since early June

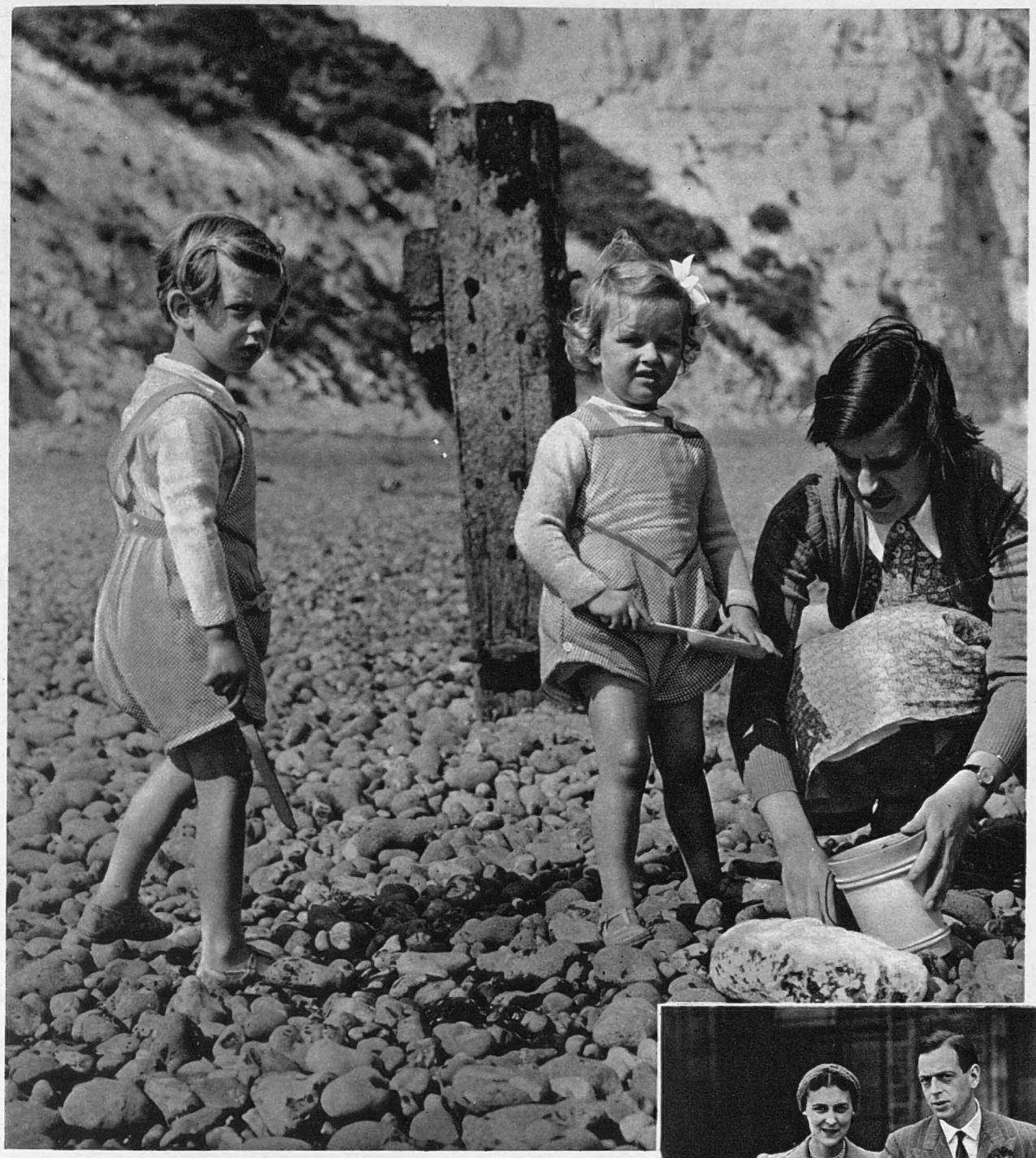


A Trio from Goodwood House

Wing-Commander Fielden, Miss Rosemary Grosvenor and the Duchess of Roxburghe were in the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon's big party at Goodwood House. They were photographed on the first day when Knight's Caprice won the Steward's Cup by three lengths

A Very Young Picnic Party on the First Day

The girls of the sandwich-eating party on the left are Susan Lloyd Thomas, Lady Jean Ogilvy, Lady Elizabeth Scott, Sarah Norton (whose father, Capt. Richard Norton, had just left the Yeovil nursing home where he had been since his bad motor accident). The men included Lord Andrew Cavendish, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, Thomas Egerton, Mark Howard

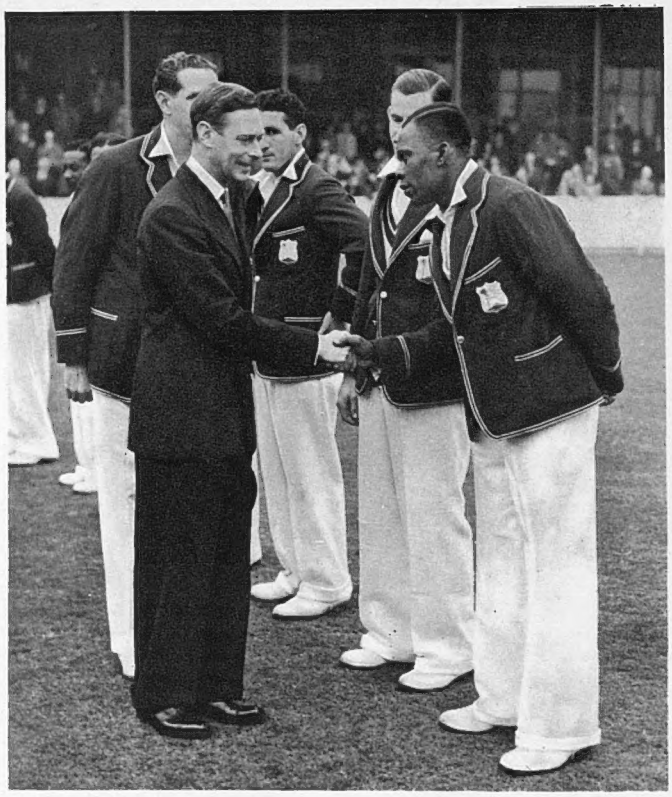


Prince Edward, his hair fixed by a slide, and Princess Alexandra, hers fixed by a ribbon, discover the fascination of shovelling pebbles in and out of buckets

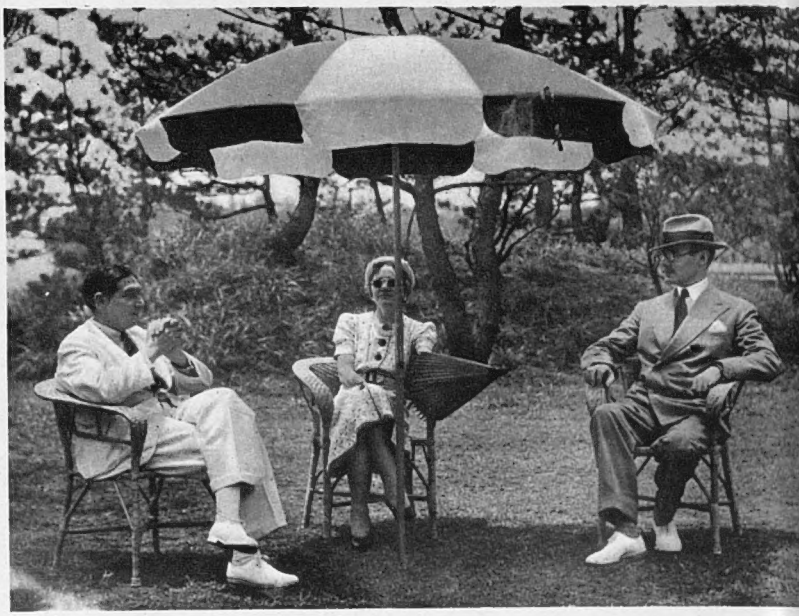
Summer Holidays

While the Duke and Duchess of Kent Went Abroad, Their Children Went to the Seaside

Middle of last week the family at 3, Belgrave Square broke up for holidays. Prince Edward, four in October, and newly de-tonsiled, and Princess Alexandra, two in December, went down with their nurses to Kay's Bluff, a white-walled, one-storied house whose front door is almost washed by the high tide of St. Margaret's Bay, Dover. Their parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, flew from Croydon Airport for their Continental holiday, he with a saw-edged straw hat, she with "Les Favoris de Catherine la Grande." They are saying good-byes in Europe before their departure for Viceregal Lodge, Canberra, this autumn



The King last week visited Kennington Oval while Surrey were playing the West Indies, watched the game for an hour and a half, spoke with the groundsmen and scorers, had the two teams presented to him—here he shakes hands with Martindale. The third Test Match begins at the Oval the week after next



***Sir Robert Craigie** (right), who holds the least pleasant British Ambassadorship of this year, that at Tokyo, is here seated with Lady Craigie and Major G. A. Herbert, senior Consular official at Tientsin, in the grounds of his summer seaside retreat at Hayama. Their job was to negotiate the Tokyo "agreement" which was generally hailed as a bending of the knee by Britain and was described by the Prime Minister as instancing "no change in the Government's policy"*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Hudson business is most mysterious. What are we to believe? Is Mr. Hudson the cheerful, gay Irresponsible who invents these wonderful schemes off his own bat, and casually throws them across the table to German financial experts? Or is he the brilliant man of business who is selected by the Powers That Be to fly a gigantic kite to see how the wind is blowing round Berchtesgaden? Those are the choices before us.

THERE are several significant things about the Hudson negotiations which may help us to make up our minds which of these two alternatives is the most likely to be true. Firstly, the whole scheme was known in America at least twelve days before it became public here. Secondly, Mr. Hudson is reported by a daily newspaper as having said that if he had to resign office he would naturally tell the whole story in the House of Commons (as resigning Ministers are always entitled to do), but that he preferred that he should not resign and that Mr. Chamberlain should make the explanation. Mr. Hudson did not resign and tell the whole story, and Mr. Chamberlain duly made the explanation. And thirdly, who ever really was so simple to believe that Herr Wohltat, one of the big German experts, really came to London for the sole purpose of attending a conference on whales? Whales my foot.

ANYHOW, whatever the story in the background may be, one thing is quite certain, that the whole episode has caused the greatest possible harm to Britain's prestige. On the one side we send our Air Force to make these magnificent flights across France to show Europe just what we can do, and simultaneously somebody in high quarters is obviously toying with the idea of trying to buy Germany off, just as Ethelred the Unready tried to buy off the Danes. The whole thing is quite deplorable.

THE Government's statement about the Far East is, I think, unfortunately worded. Our position undoubtedly is extraordinarily delicate and difficult in the Far East, but a good many people will regret that the Government should have gone out of its way to stress the Japanese "rights" in China. Roughly speaking, the Government pledges itself to do nothing whatever to hinder the Japanese in their unholy war upon China. The Japanese may well interpret this pledge to include the stoppage of supplies to the Chinese, the handing over of all the Chinese silver in the Concession banks, and an order to all British subjects to use only the new Japanese currency. This may not be what the Government means, but I fancy it is what the Japanese will claim that the Government means.

THE Staff talks are to begin between London and Moscow without waiting for the political negotiations to be concluded. This, at any rate, is a step in the right direction at last. Mr. A. J. Cummings, of the *News Chronicle*, has worked out a time-table of the political negotiations, and has discovered that out of the hundred days which they have so far lasted, more than seventy have been wasted at the London end, and between ten and fifteen have been wasted at the Moscow end. Each Russian proposal has required a fortnight's consideration in Whitehall, and each British counter-proposal has required either one or two days in the Kremlin. But what can you expect when the Russians are represented by their Foreign Minister and we are represented by a Foreign Office clerk?

IT is in principle wrong, at this crisis in world affairs, to say anything against the democratic system of parliaments which cannot be proved up to the hilt. On the other hand, when something scandalous does emerge, most emphatically it ought to be given the fullest publicity. "Cassandra" of the *Daily Mirror* has written a paragraph about the conditions in which the servants of the House of Commons have to work, and it deserves attention. While the legislators above are droning away about the working classes, down below their own employees are having a pretty poor time. "The Women's room," says "Cassandra," "measures 8 ft. by 8 ft., and is used by fifteen women. Sometimes a dozen extra waitresses change and rest there. There are four wooden chairs and a wooden table. The women sometimes sleep on the table. The men's accommodation is similarly hygienic—a stuffy cellar with filthy cobwebbed walls." One of the servants committed suicide the other day, and he is not the first.

THE status of the Militia is becoming more and more incredible to the

Mme. Louis Blériot and her son Jean (who went down from Oxford last year) and her three daughters were guests of honour at the Alliance Française dinner at the Dorchester in commemoration of Louis Blériot's historic cross-Channel flight thirty years ago. Other guests were the British and French Air Ministers, the French Ambassador, pupils of Blériot, and the builder of his monoplane. Herewith Mme. Veuve Blériot and M. Jean Blériot on arrival at Croydon

***M. Guy la Chambre,** the French Air Minister, also flew to Croydon for the Blériot dinner, was welcomed there by Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff. At the dinner, M. la Chambre emphasised Anglo-French co-operation in the air, said the two nations' aircraft output was equal to Germany's, which was presumably meant to be a boast. Sir Kingsley Wood, our Air Minister, also vaunted Anglo-French wings*

survivors of the mob that rushed to the Colours in 1914. I commented on this subject last week, and I make no apology (because I never make apologies unless the Editor compels me to) for returning to the subject. A Member of the House of Commons is asking questions about the bad language used by some of the N.C.O.s in training the Militia lads. The logical conclusion of the whole affair will be that if any Militia-man (alias Conscript) dislikes the conditions under which he is serving, he will be allowed to go back to his Mammy and the sergeant-major will touch his hat to him as he hands him his ticket home.

THERE may be very good reason for the way in which the Admiralty contracts are placed, but to the outsider it seems a bit unfair that thirteen shipyards on the Clyde have now got contracts for seventy warships between them, while the remaining nine have got contracts for no ships at all. No one, of course, would dream of suggesting that there is a "Ring." But I would like to know the explanation.

AMBROISE VOLLARD, the great art-dealer, is dead. It was Vollard who determined that Cézanne was a great man. He was born and brought up in the little East African island of La Réunion, and came to Paris to study law. But art lured him away and, though he was living in extreme poverty at the time, he managed to save enough money to buy 900 francs' worth of Cézanne's pictures at a sale. And from that moment he went steadily on and up. So did Cézanne.

THE Test Match at Manchester was partly spoilt by the rain and partly by the incredible tactics of the English captain. Nobody admires Mr. Hammond's batting, bowling and fielding more than I do, but there are moments when his handling of a team gives me lock-jaw of the eye. He had a very sporting chance of forcing a win at Manchester, and he simply threw it away by allowing his stock batsmen to play a slow and boring game instead of putting in his hitters to force the pace.

MRS. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S annual cricket match on behalf of the St. Pancras Housing Improvement Association took place last week on one of the very few fine days of the summer. This year the Actresses scored a notable victory. They made 276 (of which Miss Ann Firth made 53, and Miss Griselda Hervey, batting last, made a spirited 35), and hustled the Authors out for a paltry 49. The feature of the match this year was the catching and the throwing of the girls. Repeatedly the wicket was thrown down and a panting Author run out. The particular stars in this department were Miss Celia Johnson, Miss Ann Firth, Miss Nan Munro and Miss Marjorie Stewart. On the other hand, Miss Margaretta Scott and Miss Nora Swinburne did their best to keep the average straight. But then their trousers were very beautiful, and you can't have everything in this world.

MY friend, Mr. Joe Links, has devised another of his famous thrillers to which Mr. Dennis Wheatley has again added the writing. It is one of those three-and-sixpenny books with all the clues neatly done up in envelopes, and the whole thing is very ingenious. My only complaint against it is that some of the clues are too far-fetched altogether, and if anybody solves the murder mystery, I, for one, will be surprised. But it is all great fun.

AT a dinner the other night, given for Portuguese editors visiting this country, the assembled guests sang the Portuguese National Anthem. With great glee, one of the visitors explained the origin of the song to a friend of mine. When Portugal became a Republic, it naturally scrapped the Monarchist anthem, and had to hunt round for another, finally selecting the present one, but very civilly altering the words. I say "very civilly" because Britain and Portugal have been allies for 500 years, and the song was composed in 1891 as a Hymn of Hate against Britain because Lord Salisbury had told the Portuguese to get to hell out of Rhodesia.

***Stephen King-Hall,** retired naval commander, playwright, novelist, political publicist, has swarmed the bees by sending a special "K.-H. News-Letter" to Germany. The "News-Letter," a postal service whose success is a sharp criticism of the national newspaper press, has been going for three years, numbers 55,700 subscribers. But private news-service in England is one thing, in Germany another: the Nazi Government at once clamoured its protests, and Sir Nevile Henderson recommended that King-Hall be verboten to circularise the Reich*

The Duchess of Portland

The Duchess of Portland, here at the Hopetoun-Kenyon-Slaney wedding, had three days before celebrated her golden wedding to the Duke of Portland with a garden party at Welbeck Abbey. The Duchess was Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke before her marriage in 1889

The Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield

Lord Titchfield, the Duke and Duchess of Portland's eldest son, and Lady Titchfield were in the big family party at Welbeck Abbey for the golden wedding of his parents. Over 2500 guests were invited. Lord and Lady Titchfield themselves will celebrate their silver wedding next year

Charles William Stuart Baird and His Parents

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baird's son was born in June and christened at Lennoxlove, Haddington. Robert Baird is the second son of the late Major W. A. Baird, of Lennoxlove, and Lady Hersey Baird. His wife is Californian, was Christine Darrell before their marriage last year. His elder brother David is heir to the Baird baronetcy, and lives at New Byth

Miss Hope Madden and Mr. Batten

John Henry B. Batten, of 43, Clarges Street, W.1, and Hope Madden, daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Madden, and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, were married at Brompton Oratory and are honeymooning in France. He is the son of Lt.-Col. J. B. Batten, of Avonsleigh, Pennington, Hants., and Mrs. E. W. Hope Johnstone, of Raehills, Lockerbie

Lt.-Com. the Hon. David Edwardes, Miss Broadley

A country wedding was that of Lt.-Com. the Hon. David Edwardes, R.N., brother of Lord Kensington, and Elizabeth Broadley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley, of Priest Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey, and Seaview, Isle of Wight. They were married at St. Peter's, Limpsfield. Capt. Lord Kensington, who is in the Guides Cavalry, was best man to his brother

The Hon. David Ken

David de Burgh Kenworthy i Strabolgi, of 137, Glouceste is the daughter of Mr. an James's Palace, S.W.1; he Chamberlain's Office. The Royal, St. James's Palace

Paddington Send-Off for the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun

Fresh as white flowers in the dim Paddington light, Vivien Kenyon-Slaney's bridesmaids saw her and her husband off in a "Wolverhampton and Local Stations to Shrewsbury" train. The six grown-ups were Lady Anne Hope, Lady Anne Spencer, Lady Jean Ogilvy, Jane Kenyon-Slaney, Mary Gilmour, and Zara Mainwairing. The kilted page was Sandy Gilmour. There were five little girl bridesmaids as well, and twenty-nine ushers

The Earl of Hopetoun and Miss Kenyon-Slaney

Lord Hopetoun, elder twin-son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, and Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, elder daughter of Capt. Robert Kenyon-Slaney, and Lady Mary Gilmour, and granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, were married at Westminster Abbey. They are going on to Scotland for their honeymoon

Social Register

worthy, Miss Godefroi

he eldest son of Lord and Lady Road, S.W.10. Denise Godefroi Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, of St. ather is a Clerk in the Lord ere married at the Chapel re honeymooning abroad

Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, Miss Gathorne-Hardy

Donald Hamish Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel, is the eldest son of Col. Sir Donald and Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel. Margaret Gathorne-Hardy is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Nigel and Mrs. Gathorne-Hardy, of Grey's End, Henley-on-Thames, and cousin of the Earl of Cranbrook. They were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Capt. William Frederick Bovill, the Inniskillings, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bovell, of Sondes House, Bekesbourne, Kent, and Marjorie Leigh, only daughter of Sir John Leigh, Bt., M.P., and Lady Leigh, of Witley Park, Surrey, and 6, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Captain Bovill and Miss Marjorie Leigh

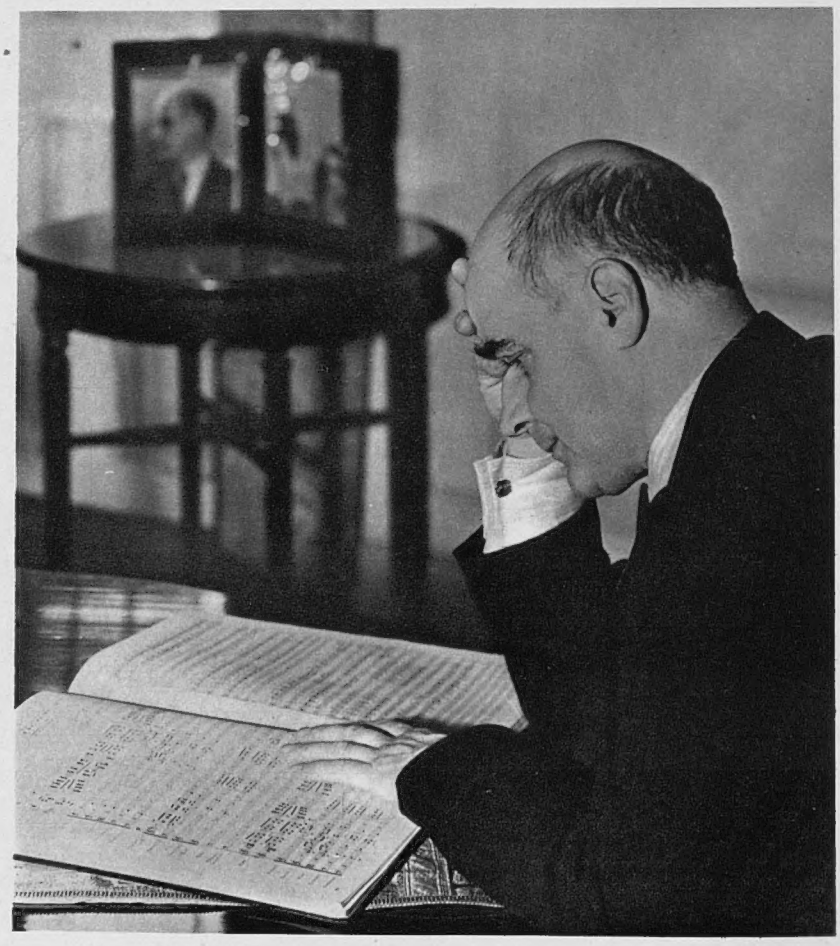
Michel Fokine and Vera Fokina Discuss Photographs and Costume Designs

Farewell to Fokine

The Russian Choregrapher and His Russian Wife in Their London Hotel

Fokine has just completed his third season with Educational (ex-de Basil) Ballets, his fiftieth year in Russian Ballet, and only he—and perhaps not he—could say what number on his list of creations is *Paganini*, his latest work. On this *Paganini* has centred the season's inevitable controversy: the disapproving have been few but scathingly critical, the approving have filled Covent Garden. Of other recent Fokine works, the two-year-old *Coq d'Or*, a rich and splendid masterpiece of dancing and characterisation, of pageantry and décor, has now established itself as a well-loved favourite. Early this month Fokine and his wife are sailing for New York, where they have their permanent home. There he will rejoin the company he founded some years ago and, incidentally, financed entirely out of his earnings as dancer and choregrapher. His son, Vitali Fokine, directs it during his absence. In London the Fokines live at the Waldorf, where they have stayed, generally in the same suite of rooms, during every visit since the epoch-making first one with Diaghileff in 1911. They were married in St. Petersburg before the war, when they were both members of the Imperial Ballet. Fokine has always regarded Vera Fokina as his greatest pupil, and since she gave up dancing she has been his closest adviser

Photographs by Lee Garmes



The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

A merry devil: Frank Napier

"The Devil to Pay" (His Majesty's)

On our right, the Court of Heaven; on our left, the Mouth of Hell; and between these two, mediævally multiple, Wittenberg, Rome, Innsbruck, where Miss Dorothy Sayers will exhibit an interest in old mysteries no less than new. The story, once again, of Dr. Faustus—a story so masterfully handled by so many that you may ask Miss Sayers how she has the courage? Yet I, for one, cannot hold up my hands in honest horror. Marlowe, in spite of his moments, wears me down. Goethe, in translation, has always been more a duty than a pleasure. Wills, however vividly Irving's Mephistopheles may linger in the memory, is hardly sacrosanct. What is it that one misses in all these versions? Is it not an adequate expression of the tragic yearning for youth that is well-nigh universal? And if an inner meaning must be found for the bargain with the Devil, does it not lie in the unhappiness, ever present, if not ever uppermost, that must always accompany any attempt to depart from the course of nature?

What a play Shakespeare might have given us if only Marlowe had left this theme alone! As we can identify ourselves again and again with his Macbeth, another soul-seller, with the witches keeping their proper place in the background, so we should have been able to identify ourselves with Dr. Faustus, who is in all of us, and who, for once, would have been an interesting character. The danger in this most human story is that, if the author is not wary, the Devil will run away with the show — and he runs away with it at His Majesty's, being always a devil outside and not inside Dr. Faustus, and so, vividly, eclipsing his victim. Miss Sayers has put a great deal of thought into her play, but I think she has been hampered by the mediæval conventions she respects. It is hard to write an arresting new play about Dr. Faustus if you do not break loose from the old shackles; and while it would be foolish to contend that this is impossible, I must confess that, as Dr. Johnson once referred to a book which he would rather praise than read, so I would rather praise *The Devil to Pay* than see it.

I do not, however, require to be faced by an alternative to praise the Mephistopheles of Mr. Frank Napier, who lopes about the stage on his cloven hooves with a cheap, shabby, impertinent air of knowing his own ineradicability. Mr. Harcourt Williams grapples valiantly with the hocus-pocus of the old Faustus. There is a fine piece of speaking by Mr. Raf de la Torre. And there are some beautiful costumes for angels to bring down the curtain. The venture is certainly a brave one—and none but the brave deserve the fair. But whether all the brave deserve the fair is more conjectural.

Sketches by Rouson

Celestial judge and terrestrial lure—Helen of Troy: Raf de la Torre and Mary Alexander

Cabalists of Wittenburg: Faust (Harcourt Williams) and Wagner (David Phethean)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SAILORS don't half get away with it, we thought last week, musing over the beauty of a dinner-set of Old Worcester porcelain in the new gallery, just opened, at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. This is the set, originally of 260 pieces, each plate painted with a different portrait of Lady Hamilton, presented to Horatio Lord Nelson by the British Nation, which was evidently not at the moment enjoying one of those periodical mass-attacks of indignant morality which so amused Slogger Macaulay. We forgot whether it was soon or later that the next attack happened and we drove the wicked Byron from our midst. Anyhow, there is a whole satiric-philosophic volume to be written round that dinner-service by somebody or other; we can't think who. The late Jacques Bainville, who wrote a long, delicately satiric *conte* round a Dresden china teacup, could have done it admirably. So could Chesterton, who died, alas! before he could write that true history of the Beaconsfield (Bucks) War Memorial, the preliminary debates concerning which apparently mirrored the very soul and fantastic essence of the Island Race. The point of the Nelson dinner-plates, in our faltering view, is that if Nelson had been a soldier he would never have made the British Nation swallow Emma Hamilton. Recollect that the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, also had a mistress in the public eye; Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, to wit, whose business acumen in the sale of promotions was unfavourably discussed in Parliament, and who was disliked by one and all. "Mrs. C. grows every day in disfavour with God and man," said Lamb. Had the Duke been an Admiral, dear, clever little Mrs. Clarke would have been a public idol, for in this man's country everything sailors do is popular and they can't go wrong. Don't ask us why. Perhaps because they 're so breezy (which God knows they 're not). Perhaps because they 're so often at sea, miles away from everybody. Perhaps because —oh, we can't be bothered. Ask the *Daily Telegraph's* Naval Correspondent.

"Don't tell me that 's meant to be the cathedral?"

Soaks

BEES, the drunken little rotters, are on the wagon this year. We have long suspected it ourselves, and it is now confirmed by one of Auntie *Times's* nature correspondents. The lime-trees are there, full of intoxicating blossom, their favourite tipple, but we haven't seen a single bee this summer staggering away with a skinful or lying down to sleep. Similarly, it seems, in Cambridge, where there are many fine blossomy old limes in which, generally, bees cluster and brawl like a Saturday night mob frantically tossing back quick ones just before closing-time. The *Times* observer quoted a rural saying, less cock-eyed than most of its kind, to the effect that the absence of bees in the limes indicates a cold summer. We read this in a blaze of tropic sun near the South Coast, so it must be true. And it may be that bees are at last turning over a new leaf. Realising that the Race has them rumbled, and that all that traditional stuff about their tireless sober industry is known now to be no more true than a Fleet Street front page news-story, they 're probably feeling embarrassment and shame and flitting past those tempting limes with averted eye, like a Turvey Treatment patient skimming past the Savoy bar.

The happy position of the Queen Bee in these circumstances invites meditation. Too long has she been forced to begin the nuptial flight with most of her lovers lying drunk on the ground, having passed out like George IV. on his wedding night. She can now depend on being chased into the upper air by thousands of clear-headed, determined bees, bronzed, fit, and keen. We wish we could think that the winner were not doomed, as before, to an uncomfortable and messy end. It spoils the teetotal case, somehow.

Crab

RECENT yelps of indignation from the æsthetes over the new concrete Salisbury street-lamp pylons are now dying down. The pylons didn't look as bad as we expected as we skimmed through Salisbury recently. They 're not beautiful, but if you have to have electricity in a picturesque old town what are you to do? Tudor lamp-standards with Gothic crockets and knops and twiddles? Mediæval-style lanterns with electric candles? Personally we 'd have chosen the latter and not given a damn what sneers ensued. We can never understand why the more priggish kind of æsthete looks down his nose at Carcassonne and the Château of Pierrefonds and the West Front statues of Notre-Dame and other bits of good honest fake by Viollet-le-Duc. There is no attempt to deceive, after all. Everybody with sense knows most of the stuff is nineteenth-century, and at least one can realise more or less what the original ensemble looked like.

Chaps who care deeply for the craftsmanship of the past, being an insignificant minority, have our deepest sympathy. Enormous forces fight against them: rural avarice, vested interests, Yahooish ignorance, that stupidity which, as Schiller says, defeats even the gods, and the custom among English mayors'

female relations of intermarriage with speculative builders. An Act of Parliament forbidding mayors' sisters and cousins to marry, except into the hay-and-corn business, or grocery, or some such innocent trade, devoid of public evil, might save half England yet.

Suiting

SOMEWHAT peevishly the tailors of England, in the person of the Secretary of their Union, criticised the other day the new battle-dress of the British Army (on which their advice was not sought), saying it was ugly, clumsy, unhealthy, and all over buttons. A few days later there uprose a more frank and generous tailor out of Bruton Street, W., declaring in the *Times* that the new battle-dress is comfortable, healthy, eminently practical, and has extra buttons only on the trousers. And all the buttons except those on the shoulder straps (two), he added, are concealed, neither impeding the wearer nor offering a target to snipers. They also need no polishing. Having put his colleagues in their place with the quiet, aloof dignity of a wealthy K.C. addressing a gathering of riotous provincial attorneys, the emissary from Mayfair bowed to the Editor and gracefully retired. He is quite correct, of course. The War Office gents' suitings department has faced reality for the first time since plate armour went out. The maddening and imbecile tyranny of eternal button-polishing in between battles, which was such a feature of the last war, is abolished at last. The other imbecility of puttees has also gone. The troops in the next war will actually wear a roomy and comfortable costume devised as an aid to fighting, difficult as it is for us old *grognards* to believe it.

The designers might have got a little further away from khaki, perhaps. The War Office superstition that khaki confers invisibility in the field has existed ever since the 1850's, when it was first used in India. The colour-scheme of the new battle-dress, we feel, should have been motley, scientifically planned by a camouflage authority. The troops would naturally look terrible on the march, but no ageing, passionate hearts would be broken in the Service clubs on that account. The death of the gleaming brass button has already done that.

Rap

LORD MIDDLETON'S allegation that some of the anti-"blood"-sport literature of the R.S.P.C.A. and Our Dumb Friends' League betrays "a lack of knowledge of country life" has possibly started a rumpus already. Being more or less neutral on this matter, we wouldn't care. The extremists on either side seem to us utterly grotesque, alike the red-faced fanatics who must always be massacring and the pale-faced fanatics who slobber to excess over our dumb chums but have little pity for human kind, and we find it equally impossible to believe (*a*) that the fox loves being rolled over and broken alive and (*b*) that his pain during that process is what it would be if he were capable of thought and imagination. Yet of these two theories we fancy (*b*) is infinitely more false than (*a*), on first principles. As for Nature's own ruthlessness, to which the red-faced boys are so fond of alluding, we shouldn't wonder if that idea weren't a bit over-dramatised, too! The majority of wild birds seem to live placid and cheerful enough lives, except when stockbrokers are blazing away at them, and the hawk and the weasel seem to be not a continuous, but merely an intermittent scourge, like the income-tax collector.

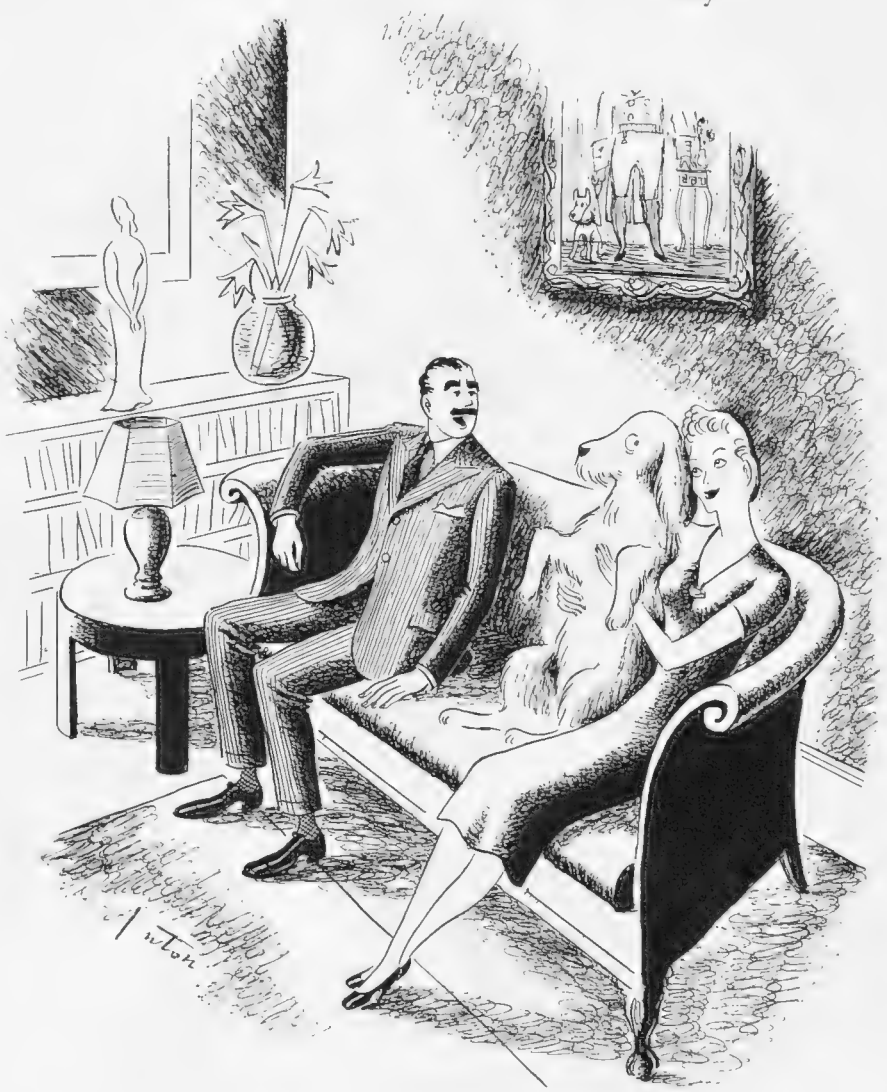
For real red-in-tooth-and-claw stuff in the countryside you have to study the human female native with an inkpot and pen, paper and envelopes at hand to work off her repressions with. In her spare time she often plays the organ, apparently.

Whimsy

THE Paris daily *Excelsior*, hailing our new Ambassador, Sir Ronald Campbell, as "the Welcome Scot," seems to us to be going a bit Barrie. Though it is probably true that the French like the Scots more than they like most people, all that pawky-wawky about the Auld Alliance is—as perhaps you 've noticed—chiefly a Scottish after-dinner enthusiasm. It always was, in fact. The Scots in Saint Joan's army, described by a French chronicler as wineskins and sheepstealers, weren't terribly popular in Touraine, whether romping with the peasantry or scratching moral apothegms with their knives on pillars, as in the château chapel at Chenonceux. Mary Stuart's beauty and misfortunes and French culture naturally appealed to Ronsard and the poetic boys, but a little time before James I. of Scotland had driven a pretty leery bargain with Charles VII. over the Dauphin's marriage to Margaret, and the coolness engendered in the French by the discovery that they had superiors in avarice lasted more or less to the end of the eighteenth century, when the Scots gave up buying (French) claret and took to whisky; a kick in the trunk-hose for the Auld Alliance which has not been forgotten. So altogether one might say the French love the Scots, but not very much. At the same time they aren't terrorised by the Scots, as the English have been since history began, and they never stoop to flatter them. We 've heard a Frenchman at a party openly accuse the Scots generally of sin; an incredible charge, following which several nice-minded Englishwomen swooned, and one, stung to madness, attacked the slanderer with whirling nails.

A much older alliance, likewise admitted chiefly by one side, is the Anglo-Portuguese. In this country we never refer to it because the Portuguese have a dirty habit nowadays of balancing their Budgets, which drives clean-living British economists mad.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"When I said love me, love my dog, I meant 'as well as,' not 'instead of'"

Films of the Day

Mixed, Mediocre

By George Campbell

THE history of *The Rebel Son* is rather curious. About five years ago Mr Alexander Korda, needing some pictures in a hurry, had two French productions re-made. One, *Moscow Nights*, turned out to be pretty good and was shown right away to the public. The other, *The Rebel Son*, turned out to be—well, you can judge what it turned out to be from the fact that they wrapped it up carefully, and put it away, and forgot all about it for four years.

Now, for some reason, it has been brought out of cold storage and solemnly unveiled. That was a mistake. Not all one's admiration for French pictures and the art of Harry Baur can blind one to the fact that *The Rebel Son* is the sort of thing best made in Hollywood. Gogol's tale is of Tarass Boulba, the Cossack chieftain always looking for a war, and his son, who acquires culture in the city and falls in love with the daughter of old Boulba's enemy, the Polish governor—if this had been directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with plenty of Cossack charges and dances and lively horse-play, it might have been another *Buccaneer*. Alexis Granovsky chose to treat it *au grand sérieux*. The result is something too funny for an epic and too sad for a farce.

Not having read Gogol's novel, I cannot say how much has been lost or changed in adaptation. Were his characters all so simple of outline, like figures cut from cardboard? Could the Polish governor's beseiged castle be entered at any time by a tunnel forgotten by everybody, except the heroine's refained West Kensington maid? And when the starving garrison were driven to make a sortie, did they really have to gallop over the country looking for the Cossack lines that hemmed them in?

All this seems improbable when you remember that *Dead Souls* proved that Gogol had a sense of humour; but, on the whole, not more improbable than Harry Baur himself. M. Baur is about seventy-five, with a figure that makes Wallace Beery look a stripling. To see him in *The Rebel Son*, sporting drooping corkscrew moustaches, vaulting horse-troughs, bounding through Cossack dances, out-wrestling his son, shooting the same son neatly through the skull after ordering him to remove the helmet, and finally lying on the ground knowing he must die, like a sick walrus looking at the sky—this is a performance that must be seen to be believed—if then.

"LE DRAME DE SHANGHAI" is new, but has the same timeless unreality. The plot, with its beautiful Russian refugee dominated by the villain, its murderous secret society, and its poker-faced master mind, might have been devised by Sax Rohmer for a Hollywood serial, circa 1918; and there is something outmoded, too, about G. W. Pabst's direction. The tempo is slow, the conception Teutonic and arty. The film has pictorial beauty and moments of genuine drama, as when the Chinese unite to resist aggression, but, on the whole, it must be written down an ambitious failure.

THE other day I heard a girl—you know how puritanical they are apt to be these days!—condemning films generally for their immorality. She was surprised when I told her I found most of them almost offensively improving. Take *The Hardys Ride High*. This latest chapter in the case history of the allegedly typical American family records the Hardys' sudden wealth and its effect upon character. No sooner does Judge Hardy learn that a distant relative has left him two million dollars than the family's *morale* begins to go to pieces. Andy, who has found it difficult (don't we all?) to be a man of the world on a dollar and a half a week, promptly plans a career as a millionaire playboy, the chorus girl's delight. His sister runs amok in expensive dress shops; worse, she lies about it. An aunt meets a smooth-spoken salesman, quite the gentleman, in a 'plane, and begins to dream of a romantic Indian summer, around about December. Even Judge Hardy, when he finds he isn't actually entitled to the money, is tempted to burn the evidence. Only Mrs. Hardy keeps her head.

But what happens in the end? Andy is scared stiff by a chorus girl in a low-cut evening dress, advancing on him like a python about to embrace a rabbit; his sister finds that Paris models don't bring happiness; the spinster learns that the salesman is only interested in putting over a deal in real estate; and Judge Hardy's pride in his rectitude is reinforced no end when he discovers that if he had done wrong he would probably have done time anyway. Anybody who can detect immorality in a medium that specialises in this sort of thing would find something subversive in *Eric, or Little by Little*. After all, the scene where the abandoned Eric says "Hang it all!" and is properly rebuked by his friend, *is* pretty licentious.

"WOMEN IN THE WIND," in which Hollywood examines the woman flyer once more, and finds her so like the Hollywood woman lawyer and the Hollywood crooner that you can't tell the difference so long as she is on the ground, might suggest to the inexperienced observer that for once villainy will triumph. I need hardly tell you that it doesn't. Not only does the nice girl win the race, but even the bad girl develops that Roedean sporting spirit and throws away her chance, thereby knocking the bottom out of Chapter XI. of *The Golden Bough* and proving that blondes have their feelings after all.

ON the whole the best picture of the week is British—a modest £17,000 affair called (not very promisingly) *Spies of the Air*. It was directed by David MacDonald, who thus completes the hat trick of successes he began with *This Man Is News* and *This Man In Paris*, at the shooting of which Queen Mary asked her very practical question about the utility of dress-shop chairs in stopping bullets.

***"Drame de Shanghai"** is a tale of the cosmopolitan underworld of the waterfront city, and of its reaction to the Japanese invasion. Louis Jouvet, Christiane Mardayne share the leads. Reviewed here. At the Academy*

***"The Rebel Son"** is a British film made some years ago by Korda and now first released. Harry Baur (here) is an old but lively Cossack chieftain. Joan Gardner (here), Anthony Bushell, Roger Livesey also take part. Reviewed here. At the London Pavilion last week*

QUESTION:

Lobster, lobster, tell me do,
What is best to drink with you?

ANSWER:

Gourmets everywhere agree
Guinness goes down best with me.

There's nothing like a Guinness with Lobster

G.E.860.

The Viscountess Cowdray, by Robin Guthrie

Lady Cowdray was still Lady Anne Bridgeman when Robin Guthrie painted his attractively informal portrait of her sitting in a garden chair, wearing sports clothes, and playing idly with her rings. She married Lord Cowdray a fortnight ago (see last week's "Bystander"), and now they are abroad on their honeymoon. Robin Guthrie held an exhibition of his portraits last autumn at the Fine Art Society's Gallery

This general view shows two of the most important pavilions: the mural-covered wall and the beehives are part of the halls of fashion, the zodiac fronts the watch-making pavilion with its bell-tower. The simple but effective buildings are typical of the ensemble at Zurich, where ostentation is quite lacking

The "Bystander" visits

The Swiss National Exhibition in Zurich

In the "weapon garden," where guns, tanks and aeroplanes share décor with flowering shrubs, is an impressive display of Switzerland's will to defend herself. This small country hung on the Axis, 1000th the area of the British Empire, with no outlet to the sea and few raw materials, is ready to fight any aggressors from its formidable mountains, with allies or without. These model soldiers demonstrate a quick-firing anti-tank gun

Before the sport pavilion another kind of self-defence is represented by Remo Rossi's statue of two wrestlers, here regarded by a couple with a novel line in baby-carriages. Statuary in the exhibition is numerous and attractive and mostly dotted about uncorrelated. For more Zurich pictures, **turn over**

The "Bystander"

The Swiss National

Last month the four-millionth turnstile click was recorded in the exhibition at Zurich, and from now on the organisers reckon to be making profits. This means that theoretically the whole of Switzerland (population, 4,066,400) has seen the show, and factually it is not far wrong, for foreign attendance has been poor: most of Europe is too war-scared to visit this peaceful display. Yet as a cure for political jitters nothing could be better than the atmosphere of sturdy, peaceful effort, backed by the will to defend this effort ("We are on the watch!" says a notice in the "weapon garden") at the national exhibition of an encircled federation. Laid out in two strips on opposite banks of the Lake of Zurich (whose waters empty into the Rhine at Koblenz) the exhibition makes use of its waterfronts as cleverly as did the Paris Expo 1937. At the

Photographs by Lämmel.

Salute to chemistry: *this maternal figure raises her hand in a salute normally forbidden in Switzerland. Its object is the pavilion of chemistry, an industry which now takes a highly important place in Switzerland's economy. The raised way in the middle-ground is the Höhenstrasse, which runs the length of one side of the exhibition, is devoted to national life ("Heim und Volk")*

The Schifflibach, *or rivière enchantée, is a unique feature of which the exhibition is very proud (the engineers weren't sure up to the last moment if it would work): a channel traverses the whole show, even entering pavilions (below), with a flow of water on whose current glide passenger-boats. Other transport in the exhibition is small electric trains and donkey-carts*

The Dreckfehlerteufel, *devil of the misprints, is an amusing creature in the Press pavilion. Selected examples of his interference are set out below, e.g., "M. et Mme. Blancpain ont l'horreur de vous annoncer leur mariage" or "on cherche une jeune fille pour l'étrangler"*

The pillory of rubbish *is an excellent part of the national life exhibit: here bad taste and vulgarity in the form of shiny postcards, cheap souvenirs, musical toilet-rolls, mass-produced artificial flowers, are pinned up to shame. Singled out for condemnation (English climbers, please note) is the rucksack of the Edelweiss robber*

visits

Exhibition in Zurich

Landesausstellung, known in Switzerland's four languages by its abbreviation, L.A., and more locally as the Landi or the Usstelli, you will not find eye-filling, super-permanent buildings and installations: you will find a modest, pleasing layout, exhibits of great interest and — what is almost more — of unfailing good taste, excellent cantonal restaurants and the usual immaculate Swiss organisation. It is worth noting that Zurich is only four hours from Geneva and its Prado pictures, one from Lucerne and its music festival. The exhibition goes on until October

Beringer, Photopress

***Peasant carnival costumes,** with their fantastic hand-carved wooden masks, figure in the show of national life on the Höhenstrasse*

***Four languages** are officially recognised in Switzerland, and most exhibition notices are quadralingual: German (representing 71 per cent. of the population), French (21 per cent.), Italian (6 per cent.), and Romansch (1½ per cent.), officially recognised after a plebiscite last year*

***La Cafetaria** is a restaurant-boat moored off one side of the exhibition on the Lake of Zurich (note fish in rigging). Restaurants are plentiful and excellent, though expensive, each of the bigger cantons having its own. This opportunity to taste, within a square kilometre, the diverse specialities of a variegated land should not be missed by gourmets*

***This brick woman** stands outside the pavilion of bricks and ceramics. Other novel media at Zurich for homage to the feminine form are trees—life-size figures are cut out of trunks in the forestry pavilion — and aluminium, outside the pavilion of that metal*

***A rope railway,** as well as three minute boat services connects the strips of exhibition on opposite banks of the Lake of Zurich (the home waters of the Henley Thames Cup winners). Local joke: it has been bought by Germany for use after the show . . . on the Polish corridor*

Liddell Hart at Home

Off-Duty Shots of a Great Military Scientist

Basil Henry Liddell Hart *was studying routes in the South of England prior to his tour of Territorial and Militia camps*

He took a rest *with Sir Ian Hamilton's "When I Was a Boy" in the garden of his new home in Maresfield Gardens, a road in Hampstead's Jewish quarter*

Photographs by Lee Garmes

He had a talk *in his study with his seventeen-year-old son Adrian, who is at Eton (Liddell Hart himself was at St. Paul's and Corpus, Cambridge). On the mantelpiece a photograph of himself with Lloyd George half obscures a school group. Lloyd George's books are prominent on the shelves*

He leaves *on his tour of camps in an old-style Rolls which is becoming familiar to many a military headquarters*

Capt. Liddell Hart *is forty-three. Lank, tall, wearing a donnish-smart suit and pince-nez, this son of a Wesleyan minister stands before his hearth and photographs of Lloyd George (autographed), of himself with Lawrence of Arabia, of a plaque of his friend Hore-Belisha (autographed). This is the foremost military scientist of his day, the man who has done for strategy and tactics what Sir James Jeans did for astronomy—brought it in learned but assimilable form to the public (his "Defence of Britain," reviewed on p. 183, looks like being a best-seller). When he left Cambridge, his enthusiasm for history, geography and maths. seemed to point to an army career, and he joined the K.O.Y.L.I. at nineteen for some first-hand experience of war, getting a dose of gas that has permanently weakened his physique. He liked the army, stayed in till 1927, when he was military correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" and already had to his credit the Battle Drill System (1917), various tactical methods adopted since the war, visits by invitation to French and Italian training centres, numerous military publications. In 1932 he revisited Cambridge for a year's lectureship, returned to journalism as the "Times" military correspondent which he now is. With all this he found time to produce numerous studies (he is a F.R.Hist.S.)—of generals from Scipio to Pershing, of battles from Zama to the Marne—and translations from fifteen languages. Some Liddell Hart dicta: "The highest freedom is freedom from prejudice," "there has been too much wishful thinking in our foreign policy," "in modern war the defence is all-powerful"*

Women in Uniform

No. 7. The Auxiliary Fire Service

Weekly drills are part of the A.F.S. volunteers' strenuous training. This one took place at Manchester Square Fire Station. Inspecting is District Officer Willoughby (see next picture). The Fireman Instructor, who lectures and drills the A.F.S., reports that the women under his command are keen, hard-working and efficient

***District Officer** Willoughby joined in the spring of 1938, when she saw in the papers volunteers were urgently required. In three months she was promoted to District Officer at Manchester Square, is in charge of nearly 1500 women attached to eleven fire stations*

London fires cost between half a million and a million pounds a year in peace-time. This sets an estimate of possible losses from air-raid fires among the astronomical figures. To meet and counteract the horror and colossal damage of air war on London, the L.C.C. under the 1937 A.R.P. Act is charged with the duty of organising a volunteer force of extra fire-fighters. More than 30,000 volunteers are needed to staff this expanded service, work the extra appliances (ordered by the thousand), carry out the new system of communication. Here women come in—about one-sixth of the total of auxiliaries. They enlist (aged twenty to fifty) as drivers and as Watch Room workers. The first take messages to supplement or replace the telephone, drive station officers round areas to see that fires are being properly tackled. The second (see far right) augment the regular staff dealing with fire calls, in emergency would probably take sole charge of telephone boards. Training, which must be taken very seriously, consists of weekly lectures and drills, courses in first-aid, topography, gas, thirty hours of Watch Room and night-driving work. Much night work is done at Croydon Aerodrome, whose owner, Mr. Fawdry, has lent his 3½ miles of private road every Tuesday evening since last September, in collaboration with Mrs. Gould, secretary of the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, who arranges for members of her club to give training. In the final examination, a volunteer must satisfy the Fireman Instructor not only that she knows her job, but that she can keep her head and has initiative and courage

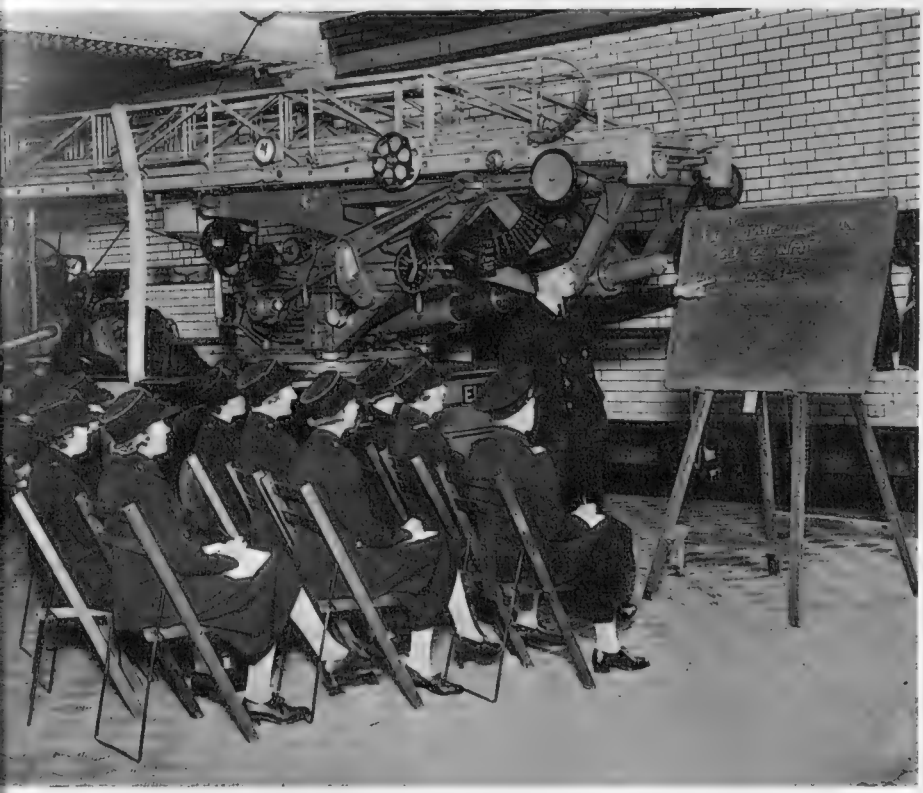
***Testing fire alarms** is part of the A.F.S. training. Alarms, which are on a private exchange, average thirty to a fire station, are used for calling out the Fire Brigade, and by members of the Service for making reports. Women members may wear a skirt or trousers, as demonstrated by Volunteers Pinder Davis and Sturt (most women seem to prefer skirts)*

***Recharging extinguishers** is usually a man's job, but women are instructed in this and on the working of the pump against emergencies, when knowledge of fire appliances would be useful. Attentive auxiliaries here are Volunteers Cheek, Buss, (Mrs.) Debaisieux, and Clark*

*The **night driving course** includes much mechanical work done by torchlight (the flashlight here was for the photographer's benefit). Wheel-changers are Volunteers St. Quentin, Hubbard, Tatchell (see next picture), Christie and Mounsey. The two last are drivers of No. 11 Station, Edgware Road. Crystal Christie has been doing eight hours a day since January, is a good fencer. Mrs. Mounsey lives at Chesham, Bucks., breeds dogs, drives to London three times a week for training*

***Running repairs** by the light of one torch need skill and practice. This and the rest of night-driving training is a "passed-out course," taken by many of the A.F.S. at Croydon Aerodrome. These drivers from No. 8, Kensington (just behind Barkers) are Mrs. Hubbard, wife of an A.R.I.B.A., Volunteers St. Quentin and Fiona Tatchell. The latter studies medicine between travels, had just returned from North Africa and was off again to Danzig*

***The Watch Room** (right) is the Fire Station's nerve centre. Normally two men are on duty day and night. In war an augmented staff would be necessary, as all air-raid fires would be reported here, and consequent instructions sent to the Appliance Room. Also, the Watch Room staff (here Auxiliaries Clark, Cheek and Debaisieux) have to keep an exact record of all that happens during their duty hours*



***Lectures**, like this one on war statistics at Manchester Square, are also part of the training. Other subjects are fire report procedure, and "Occurrence"—the Brigade system of checking and marking-up the activities of everyone on duty at the station, during every moment of the day and night*

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"What will you take to follow, sir? Filets de sole Bonne Femme, or go straight to the roast duck?"

"Twelfth" Night

There's that matter of the morning drive to thrash out; there are good cigars to be smoked; and there is Johnnie Walker in the glasses. Now there's a whisky for you! Blended, as the Laird can tell you—and will, on the slightest provocation—from all the finest whiskies in Scotland. Each whisky marvellously mellowed and matured. And the blending done with Johnnie Walker's consummate mastery and skill.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker**—

Golden Moments — with

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

"Bystander" Short Story

Instance of Good Manners

By G. B. Stern

Illustration by Leo Dowd

BARRY thought I liked him because a sweet old lady with twinkling eyes would naturally like a gallant irresistible sinner who described his rakish exploits so that her blue eyes should twinkle the more. Actually, I am not quite as old as my silver hairs, and I do not find Barry at all irresistible; these professional charming sinners have been written up too often. But good manners are the redeeming virtue of my young friend (Barry is forty-two, but he likes to behave as though he were my young friend), and I suspect they are fundamentally good, not just the kind that prompts a man to run about and open doors and fetch cars. Barry was slick enough as a ladies' cavalier.

He had managed to become middle-aged (a description he would hate above all others) without having to work for his living—

—Until I saw him that time at Copenhagen station with an incongruous party of five; elderly, heavy, helpless and rich, who obviously considered him as their lackey and not as a personal friend; for they called him to do this and they called him to do that; they were in a screaming panic over their tickets, supposed to be in his charge; and when he settled them into a railway carriage they tumbled out again and tried to find other railway carriages.

Barry coped with them all beautifully. I watched him for some time before he became aware of me. He soothed their terrors; he translated their English into Danish, and, what was far harder, their attempts at Danish back into lucid English; he told them twenty times what time they were due to arrive in twenty places. He assured them that all would be well and that the Copenhagen porters, though foreigners, were certainly not a robber-band. And as fast as they clambered out of the carriage and let themselves down with a thud on to the platform, he tenderly gathered them up and hoisted them back again, smiling as though he liked it.

Suddenly he caught my eye. A faint flicker crossed his eyes, a rueful grimace. He did not flag in his duties. I was going to Stockholm too, so I hoped there might be opportunity for a little conversation later on, for I was anxious to know the reason for this strange metamorphosis of Barry into a working man. His tyrants, however, kept him busily employed until the train and its burden had been hoisted on the ferry boat and we were crossing to Malmö. I went up to the little ship's saloon where I could order a light meal of *smorrebrod* and *Schnapps*, and went on wondering until Barry appeared, free and alone. He flung himself down with a sight of relief in a chair beside me, drank my Schnapps which I pushed towards him silently, for his need was greater than mine, ordered three more, and fell upon the *smorrebrod*.

"DID you ever see such a ghastly crew?"

"Your friends?"

"Friends, hell. The fretful old boy with the pear-shaped head and the three chins is my boss. I'm a courier."

"Why, Barry, why? For love of the thing itself, or for sordid gain?"

"By the sweat of my brow," Barry declared dramatically, "it's for love."

"Shot down at last?"

"Straight through the heart. God, she's delicious! She's divine! I'm mad about her! Not yet nineteen, but hot as they make 'em. We met in Paris, but she was guarded all over by parents and aunts and sentinels. But at Christmas she can get away. She's going to stay with a friend at an Austrian Schloss—Oh, she's played this game before, tantalising little devil! And then she's coming to me, me waiting for her in Budapest, and we're going to have one delirious, romantic week. She's got amber eyes with little flecks of green in them like fresh water-cress in a sunlit pool—"

"Barry!"

"Sorry. Oh, but wait a minute while I tell you about her hair—a sort of tawny colour—and a mouth demure as the youngest nun in the convent. . . . And so, you see," he finished breathlessly, "I must have a big lump sum that I can blue on her, and for her, during that week. This is April; by the end of June I shall have saved £200 to dedicate to Felicity. That ought to be enough, even living *en prince*, for the two of us to spend a week in heaven."

"Two hundred, my poor profligate! I've seen you win that in an evening, and lose it the evening after."

"I'm taking no risks. I've *got* to have this money, and what's more," added Barry looking very priggish, "I want to earn it myself."

I FORGOT all about Barry and his week-end and his seven nights and all the rest, until I met him again in October in Paris, sitting outside a café near the Rond Point, making the most of a bock and a packet of *caporals*, and looking very down-at-heel; but somehow more like his old self than when he had been toiling by the sweat of his brow at the stations of the northern capitals. His sidelong glance at me during the pause that followed our greetings, was half-alarm, half-amusement.

Instance of Good Manners *(Continued from page 179)*

"Out with it," I said. "How was young romance in Budapest?"

"Just a bloody farce. What 'll you have, Roberta?"

Yes, Barry was himself again; his speech mocked himself, the world and his late desires: "You had a hunch, didn't you, what was going to happen? But you can't have guessed *how* it would happen. My word, Roberta, it 's funny now, looking back on it, but that was, without exception, the worst let-down that I 've ever had."

Apparently, Barry, who is in some ways curiously credulous and naïve, had not realised when he had first met her that she was swaggering about her love-affairs in the way young girls do when they wish to appear more sophisticated than they really are. He had imagined their passion was mutual, and his conquest a foregone conclusion. If—he had argued it out in his own mind—if she had not wanted him, she would not have agreed with such rapture to their escapade; or if she had had scruples at the last moment she would not have joined him in Budapest.

On their first evening, however, his ardour had already been dashed with cold spring water:

"You should have heard her, Roberta. I think her dialogue must have been lifted from some very modern book or play that she particularly admired: a 'light touch' and the casual good-fellowship of the sexes, terribly overdone: '*We* don't want any of the usual nonsense, do we, Barry? You 're not really keen, you know; only working it up a bit because you think that 's what the situation requires, and you see yourself as a bit of a Lothario, don't you, Barry? Let 's cut out all that lower animal stuff. Let 's be sensible and rise above it. It 's so boring, and it 'll get in the way of all our fun . . .'"

"Fun?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Fun," replied Barry, with a grim inflection. "I couldn't force her to respond, of course, though I was stunned at her taking that line. There was a funny mixture of pride and prudery, delicacy and ruthlessness, which sent my senses spinning. But I swear it 's new in girls since I was a young man. There was the Danube shining yellow in the warm moonlight, and the copper roofs of the palace opposite, shining green in the same moonlight, and we had a magnificent suite with a big balcony, and a gipsy orchestra downstairs in the hotel doing its bit to help me, and Felicity in amber-coloured crêpe-de-Chine pyjamas to match her hair, talking bilge about my 'spoiling our good time,' As though there *could* be a 'good time' *unless* I spoilt it! So I went off cursing to my open room, and naturally expected, as any normal man would, that the next morning she 'd want to be off home again—want to fly from this unchivalrous monster, this beast called man."

. . . To his horror the girl did not see anything at all had occurred to prevent the "good time" which they had planned. It was total incompatibility of outlook between a modern schoolgirl and a rake of the generation before. To Felicity the seven days were everything, and the seven nights were the small slices of time between, when you had to sleep (each in a separate room) to recuperate for the next day's "good time."

Barry was let in for everything. All the crude, obvious, boring things which he had done a million times in his own youth: cafés and gipsy orchestras and dancing, expeditions on the river, sightseeing over the palace and the churches. Felicity was as fresh and delighted with all these pleasures as though she had only just been born, which, indeed, was very nearly the truth about her. That dedicated sum of money which Barry, for once in his life, had earned so painfully working from dawn to dusk, was squandered by Felicity in Budapest with the happy assurance of a child, who assumed that every man who took her out was rich.

On their second visit to the Papagaly Café she saw a boy she knew—one, Jack Upton. Merrily she hailed him and merrily he responded. She took it for granted, and so did he, that he would sup with them and be their companion for the rest of the evening.

—And for the next day, and the next evening, and all the following days of the week. From then onwards they were a party of three, instead of two. Jack was in his first year at Oxford. He had never been abroad before. He was full of beans, and ready for anything. Those two ruthless youngsters, divinely unaware of their ruthlessness, dragged their Uncle Barry through a week which, even now, sitting quietly beside me in the mellow September sunshine in Paris, he could not recall without horror. He thought the nightmare would never end. The obstreperous cherubs refused to allow him to fall out, old though he was. It did not occur to them that years and years ago he had exhausted the itinerary—champagne, late nights, gipsy orchestras, the cafés of Budapest, boating and bathing during the day, all the sights of the town and neighbourhood, picnics and huge experimental meals; a perpetual procession of local delicacies: Tokay and Barak Palinka, fogas, goulash.

"One never gets tired of them," declared Felicity enthusiastically. "Does one?"

At last, however, that dreary eternity of the "good time" came to an end, and Barry saw them off to England together.

"Good-bye, Barry. Good-bye, *angel* Barry. Hasn't it been heaven? And thank you a million times for the heavenly bag. I 've always longed for one with a little watch set in the clasp."

I REMARKED casually: "Was the handbag necessary? They cost a lot with a watch inset."

"What 's a handbag more or less?" said Beau Geste.

I made no further comment on this cruel episode in the life of a rake. Instead I said, perhaps irrelevantly: "My two old aunts want to go on a trip to the cities of the North—Scandinavia, you know: Finland and Estonia. They 're looking for a reliable courier."

Barry gave me a sweet, wan smile. "If I hear of one I 'll let you know."

I DIDN'T think it necessary to tell Barry that the Hiltons' only daughter was called Felicity, and she happened to be about eighteen and had tawny hair; but when I received an invitation to the wedding of the Hilton boy I broke my usual rule to avoid receptions like the plague and went. Felicity was darting about in a delicious pale green picture-frock. She was carrying a most attractive handbag with a little jewelled watch set in the clasp. I manœuvred to be beside her alone for a minute, and then said casually: "You 've grown, Felicity. Left school yet?"

"One more term," replied Felicity. "It 's such a waste of time. There are hundreds of places I want to go to. You travel a lot, don't you, Miss Sinclair?"

"I went to Budapast three years ago, but I didn't see any bag as lovely as yours."

Felicity gasped, flushed scarlet, began to laugh. Then, trusting me, out came a flood of chatter: "Oh, I know it was *frightful* of me, but I 've had to be so dull and conventional all my life"—she was not quite eighteen—"and this was such a chance, and you don't know how persuasive Barry can be. Still, I 'm glad I went. I 'll remember it always, and so will Jack. That 's my cousin, Jack Upton, over there by the buffet. He 's not specially clever, but I think he 's going to be very good-looking, don't you?"

I waived the question of Jack and asked her brutally if she were in love with Barry.

"Good heavens, no! Love didn't come into it!"

"Didn't it? He was crazy about you."

Felicity's smile held a curve of indulgent mockery at my simple, old-fashioned outlook:

"Honestly, Miss Sinclair, I know Barry through and through. He 's a type. He 's the wicked roué one reads about. Of course, I guessed beforehand that I might have a bit of trouble with him; and on our very first evening, as a pure matter of form, he did all the usual routine stuff. He thought he had to, poor lamb, or I 'd have been disappointed. But after I dealt with that, the rest of the time was heaven—simply heaven from beginning to end."

"Heaven for Barry, too?"

"Oh, yes, he had the time of his life. It wouldn't have been nearly as much fun if he hadn't enjoyed it too."

"I see."

Felicity was called away, and I was left to reflect on her naïve announcement that Barry had had the time of his life that week in Budapest: "It wouldn't have been nearly as much fun if he hadn't enjoyed it, too."

I gave him full marks for good manners.

THE END.

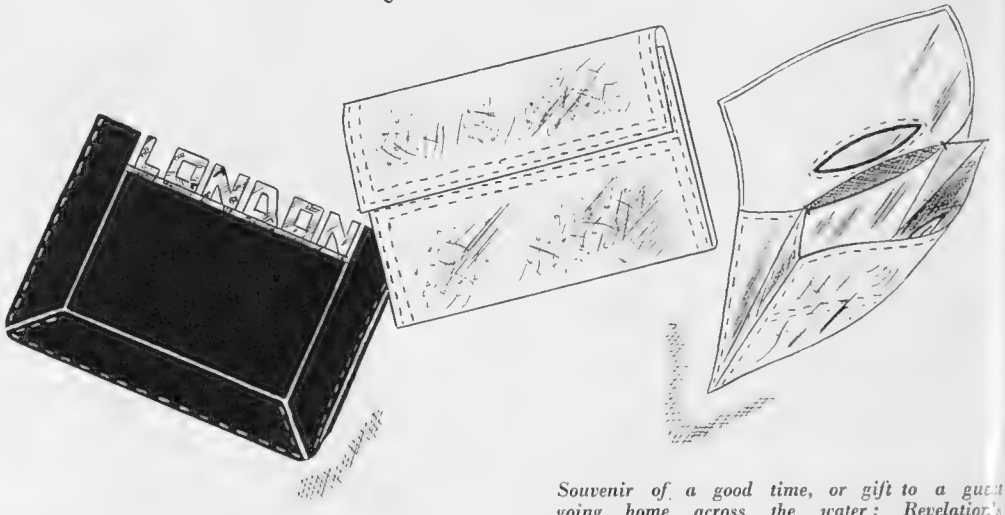
Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

AUGUST exodus: grey flannel suits crowd the boat trains, retrievers, gun-cases and golf-clubs, tartan rugs and shooting-sticks add to the fun at King's Cross. Important prelude to such a holiday is a visit to Burberry in the Haymarket. Here they will fit you out with just the kind of suit you've always wanted. If you are a good shot and can draw for your butt with the best, you will want one of the Burberry shoot-suits with a divided skirt. These can be made in any of the district checks which look so good on the moors. Women are choosing rather larger district checks than previously. The well-known Glen Urquhart is always a safe favourite, but patterns like the Scots Guard and Horse Guard checks are now being asked for. When choosing your tweed, remember that these bright plaids "disappear" at about twenty yards, so don't judge the pattern from a small cutting. Jackets are cut this year with higher closings, and the divided skirts are cleverly disguised and most becoming. Burberry also have a grand selection of cheerful little suits like the one in the picture, which will look delightful at the Gatherings and will be quite "tough" enough for moor walks. The skirt, as you can see, is pleated all round, giving you as much freedom as your kilt. The jacket has pockets let into the side seams. The suit in the picture was made in a light-weight herringbone tweed, but Burberry will make it in any material you like — and they have a comprehensive selection

the bystander in search of novelties

discovered by peta pictured by pearl



Souvenir of a good time, or gift to a guest going home across the water: Revelation's black suède pochette has a bar fastening made of gilt letters spelling "London." 37/6. The well-bred pigskin pochette is one of their guinea models, and has a most carefully planned silk-lined interior. (Revelation, 170, Piccadilly.)

An oil shampoo for your nails is the latest Cutex brain-wave. The special shampoo, which is used first with the rubber applicator, and then with the soft "scrubber," removes dirt and grime, and softens and lubricates the nail and cuticle. The complete outfit costs 2/6. Ask for Cutex Nail Shampoo, and don't forget to include your toe-nails in the treatment

When it's "Silver by Georg Jensen," you know it's as near perfect in design and execution as anything can be. Above are three examples of this artist's work. A table bell, designed to go with one of the table silver designs, a tie clip (15/6), and a square and beautifully-wrought brooch (£1 17s.). The address is 15b, New Bond Street

Make the most of your holiday: Kathleen Court's "Cooltan" cream will give you an enviable sun-tan in double quick time. This cream prevents burning and blistering. It is also a grand foundation for make-up, and the Australian Tan powder is available in six good natural shades of tan

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Santa Clausewitz

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE are two books this week which ought to be read together. They are Captain Liddell Hart's *The Defence of Britain* (Faber; 12*s.* 6*d.*) and the third instalment of *Greek Memories*, by Compton Mackenzie (Chatto and Windus; 10*s.* 6*d.*). From the nagging muddle and faded heroics of the last war, with its air of being some monstrous Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce which Mr. Compton Mackenzie keeps going, one looks upon Captain Liddell Hart's impressive and heterodox view of the next. Or, I should say, one looks upon the present war; for, as he writes, what we call the "next war" began in Spain in 1936. The science of war, revised for modern needs, or Santa Clausewitz debunked: Captain Liddell Hart; the staleness, the farces, the jealousies and pomposities of war: Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Both are that excellent, though often suspect, thing—experts who know how to make themselves clear, trenchant and engaging to public curiosity.

Every man of military age ought to read Captain Liddell Hart. I hate to say this, because I hate to believe that since the aeroplane, the word civilian has ceased to mean anything and that civilian civilisation is dead. Some writers call "the next war" the end of civilisation. Captain Liddell Hart does so. I wish they would amplify this emotional statement. Something ends, but what is it? And what begins? People hide behind an emotional phrase in order to avoid admitting that the fundamental material conditions of civilisation have changed. The bomb is a great leveller, a great reorganiser.

Captain Liddell Hart is important because he is alert for the military changes. First of all, he advised the War Minister—for whom he has evident admiration—that before Munich, in England we still took the civilian political view of Europe, when, in fact, our opponents saw Europe in terms of military strategy. Thus Munich was a military defeat for us; so was General Franco's victory in Spain. This is a strong, if familiar, case, and you will find here at length its familiar rider, fitted out with the appropriate military detail, that by backing out of Collective Security and then half-heartedly reverting to it, when it may already be too late, we have surrendered position after position. But Captain Liddell Hart's major points are that the defence has the immense advantage; that the mass, total and lightning wars are illusions; that economic factors are enormously important, and our superiority in this respect over Germany probably decisive. He is against offensives, large expeditionary forces, and conscription. He warns those who say that the only way to deal with force is to crush force that they are all wishful thinkers. It follows from his defence theory and the ideas he developed in studying T. E. Lawrence's guerrilla successes, that there is no "crushing": we must manage force so that it does not attain its ends: we must find our Torres Vedras. There is no victory. There can be neutralisation. Mobility, intelligence, the individual trained for initiative rather than parade ground obedience—these matters are technically examined. In short, he goes into every corner of our defence, even to that neglected matter—moral conviction. The moral instinct cuts across everything in English life, but I shudder when I think what can be done by politicians with our moral gullibility.

Romilly Cavan

This attractive young novelist has just published a new book, "Mary Cloud," which our reviewer put on his list of recommended novels last week

There is Captain Liddell Hart's case in gross simplification. Its technicalities are fascinating, easy to grasp, but are not for the layman's judgment. Criticisms: the heterodox usually go too far. Republican Spain and China did not find defence continuously stimulating to morale. It is not entirely true to say the present Government has neglected the military view of Europe; for they have perceived, as English policy always has, the importance of the economic factor. It strikes me that if the whole case is true for the small wars between unequal forces — China and Spain — it may not *all* be true for general war.

AND, if not depressed enough by Captain Liddell Hart's account of the instinctive dislike of individual intelligence in high quarters, the layreader turns to the human factor and the knots it tied itself into in Athens, in 1916 (as Mr. Compton Mackenzie describes them), he will find no further enlightenment. Having read our *Ashenden* we all want to be intelligence officers. Mr. Compton Mackenzie convinces one that wars are like the torpid and acrimonious aspects of family life. Once more in Greece, England was at her old cautious, double-dealing game (not always long-sighted, either) of flirting with enemies and mistrusting friends. The way we blew hot and cold on Venizelos; the way we discouraged the French with a canniness which in the end came to nothing! They got Syria, after all. As a romantic Scot, who took to espionage with the gusto of a Jacobite and whose methods included such stagey business as fast car chases and inspired hold-ups in the best Hounslow Heath manner, Mr. Mackenzie was an effective, but (one can well see) a disturbing agent. His eloquence converted "C.", the Chief, but he had his enemies and his bogys. I have thought that Mr. Mackenzie has gone on too long with this Athenian stuff, and there is certainly a touch of persecution about his revival of the daily naggings; but these books do give an astonishingly real picture of important events and of the drudgery of daily intrigue. (War raises intrigue to the obsessive level of the major passions.) His style, limpid, zestful, nonchalant, fully seized by its subject, carries Mr. Mackenzie through. The spies, of course, make amusing cameos. They blunder and snivel about, these agents, like overgrown schoolboys at amateur theatricals. Are they all either buffoons or neurotics? Consider the case of the greedy Davy Jones, the porter of the German Legation, or Lestage, that bitterly thwarted inventor who sold his country because it had snubbed his passion for explosions. He had press cuttings on every explosion in Europe. These men are sub-artists; Mr. Mackenzie compares them to fortune-tellers. But, oh Lord! If this is how the Intelligence is behaving in Captain Liddell Hart's "present war!"

ISHERWOOD is beginning to breed. Mr. Norris has changed trains and moved on to a new author, too. Disreputably amalgamated with the spicier and hitherto expurgated side of Mr. Chips, he appears in Vienna to relieve young Etonians of their cash and to persuade them to paint the blue Danube pink, when what these tenderfoots long for is Salvation. This last point and a gift for vignette and raffish conversation is Mr. Arthur Pumphrey's contribution to the copious *après moi le deluge* school. He is a sedulous, but promisingly extravagant, newcomer. Groupers will be saddened by this book; and I, too, get sad when my immoralists lose their natural secretiveness and become discursive. I suppose that is the bad influence of Chips on Norris. A schoolmaster gone wrong is still a schoolmaster. This clever, not quite so naughty-naughty book is *Pink Danube* (Martin Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

ACTOR IN TRAINING

***Edward Hardwicke** is the six-year-old son of Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke, and he has received his first stage engagement from Roy Limbert—a part in S. I. Hsiung's new play for Malvern, "The Professor from Pekin." It opens next Tuesday, the festival's second day. Lady Hardwicke, who as Helena Pickard is a member of the Malvern Company, is coaching her son for the part*

FILM CHIEF ON HONEYMOON

***Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Griffis** arrived in England on the first part of a honeymoon whose details are secret. He is chairman of the Paramount film company, is said to have a finger in most big financial pies in the States. His bride was formerly Whitney Bourne, is the daughter of Mrs. Harvey Dow Gibson, and is under contract to her husband's company*

DUCHESS IN UNIFORM

***The much-publicised** feminine, is not yet a yea and summer camps, when "Bystander" visited Black "Women in Uniform" and she is seen leaving*

NEW FOREST SHOW

***Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie** went to the New Forest Agricultural Society's Show with her two younger daughters from her first marriage with the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Caroline Cecily and Mary Clare. She and her husband, who is Lord Radnor's brother, live at Palace House, Beaulieu*

***Mrs. E. A. Northern** was not only present at the New Forest Show at Lyndhurst, but won a prize with this elegant white goat. She is the youngest sister of Lord Melchett*

AUTHORS v. ACTRESSES

***J. B. Priestley** is a leading light in the organisation of the annual charity cricket match, Authors v. Actresses, and he captained the men this year at the Regent's Park Garden Party in aid of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society. Here he tosses up with the Actresses' captain, Joyce Barbour*

uxiliary Territorial Service, where auxiliary means simply ld, but an impressive recruiting roll is already in being, iembers spend a week under canvas, are numerous. (The ore Park Camp for pictures published July 5th in our ries.) O.C. at Tidworth is the Duchess of Marlborough, e Hunts. and Berks. section after a round of inspection

***Glenna Critchley,** first-born child of Brig.-General and Mrs. A. C. Critchley, was christened at the Chapel of the Savoy. She took her name from Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, the American woman golfer whom Mrs. Critchley, as Diana Fishwick, beat nine years ago at Formby to become British Woman Champion. The Critchleys were married last August at the British Consulate in Paris*

CRITCHLEY CHRISTENING

News Reel

***Welbeck Abbey** was en fête for the golden wedding celebrations of its owners, the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Tenants were entertained, deputations from neighbouring counties waited on the celebrants, illuminated addresses were presented and a huge pageant was given, in which 800 took part. Costumed as in the period of their ancestor, the Bentinck who came over with William of Orange, were Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess, and her uncle, Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck*

PORTLAND PAGEANT

***The actresses' team** at the match in Regent's Park, in aid of the St. Pancras Improvement Society is lined up below: Margaretta Scott, Ursula Jeans, Griselda Hervey, Joyce Barbour, Anne Firth, Nan Munro, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Celia Johnson and Angela Baddeley. For an analysis of their play, read a paragraph by one of their opponents on page 159*

***Ursula Jeans** hit out with vigour for the purpose of this photograph, and Alec Waugh pretended to keep the wicket. The result of the Authors-Actresses match was a hands-down win for the ladies, by 276 to 49. Note Ursula Jeans' beach shoes*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Greenkeeping

Over 300 secretaries of golf clubs, with their greenkeepers, attended a conference at the trial grounds of Sutton and Sons, Ltd., at Reading, on Tuesday, July 18th. Representatives came from Wales, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, and Dr. Dreiner Kool, the secretary of the Kennemer Golf and Country Club at Zandvoort, Holland, was also present with his greenkeeper, having come over specially for this meeting. Other people present, who are interested in the upkeep of golf courses, were H. S. Colt, Major P. C. Burton, an ex-president of the English Golf Union; Major A. Whitley Lavarack, the secretary of this Union; T. Simpson, Charles Ambrose, and T. W. Evans, who, with his partner, I. G. Lewis, publishes a bulletin on turf management about four times a year, called *The Agrostologist*. Anyone who is a member of a green committee, or interested in turf, whether for golf or any other purpose, will find this bulletin most interesting and useful. Everyone was present at the invitation of Sutton and Sons, Ltd., who were hosts for the day. These meetings, which have been held annually for three or four years, are of the greatest benefit to those interested in the well-being of golf courses. Experts arguing with experts can only produce good results. The ordinary man would not imagine that there are various ways of pushing a mowing machine, yet I heard a most heated argument on this subject. It appears—just as there are various ways of trying to hit the golf-ball—there are various ways of pushing a mowing-machine. One man stated that you must, to get the best results, push with your arms straight out in front of you, the other would have none of this, and said the only way to mow was with the cross-piece at the end of the handle against the stomach. The latter said that if you kept your arms straight you would get tired very soon; while the former argued that if you had the cross-piece in your stomach you would have no control over your machine. I regret I cannot tell you which is the proper way, but as both men come from very well-known clubs, there can be no doubt that either method will give good results.

The numerous experiments with turf, which are continually being carried out, not only at Sutton's trial grounds, but also at various places all over the country, show very clearly what difficult subjects turf and grasses are. After all these years and after the endless experiments, it is strange, but true, that there are still differences of opinion with regard to the best mixture of grasses for putting greens and fairways, and also with regard to the amount of top-soil advisable under various circumstances.

American and other bent grasses (Agrostis species) are at present under observation in experimental plots, produced both from seed and by the process of vegetative propagation. The latter method consists of cutting up the stolons into small pieces, broadcasting them over a prepared surface, and covering them lightly with good top-soil. The vegetative propagation is popular in the United States of America, but little known over here. Some of the greens on the West Course at Wentworth were produced by the vegetative method, and this is the only case of vegetative propagation I know of in this country.

Useful information is being obtained from a miniature bowling-green, which has been divided into three sections. The first section consists of sea-washed turf on a bed of sharp inland sand on top of ashes; the second section consists of the same turf laid on sterilised loam on top of ashes; and the third section was sown with a special mixture of grass seeds. All sections are doing well, and it is not yet possible to say with any certainty which is the best or, more important still, which will be the best. There was also, at the Sonning G.C., an exhibition of greenkeeping implements of the most modern types I was struck by the large number of turf scarifiers and turf aerators which are now on the market. Dr. Dreiner Kool, from Holland, gave a demonstration of his own patent grass rake, which gave very satisfactory results. It makes all the grasses stand on end, which means that they can be cut easier, and weeds can be bled to death.

The chief prize at the Deauville Golf Week was divided by W. J. Branch, of Leicester, and J. Saubaber, a French professional, who has played in the Open Championship.

***Littlehampton** Golf Club was the venue for the eighteen-holes Stapleford competition for the County Club Challenge Cup. These three players are A. C. Marples, captain of Littlehampton, who returned 28—1½—29½; D. F. Petty, who returned 19—9—28; and R. L. Brown, the secretary*

Branch, who with Henry Cotton, holds the record of the course of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, created a record for the course of the New Golf Club at Deauville, by going round in 66 strokes. Nearly all the leading professionals in France played in the championship, so Branch had to defeat, amongst others, such good golfers as Marcel Dallemagne, who a short time ago beat Henry Cotton, after a tie, for the French Open Championship; Aubrey Boomer and Auguste Boyer, both of whom have met with successes in golf tournaments in this country. The prizes were presented by Mme. André Vagliano, who has captained the French ladies' team on numerous occasions, and whose daughter Lally won the Girls' Championship of 1937, and played for France at Bramshot this year. André Vagliano has done a tremendous amount of work for the benefit of the game of golf in France, and has played in several championships and tournaments in this country. He is a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, and reached the final of the President's Putter in 1931. He also presented the cup for which the French and British ladies play in their international matches.

More Players in Littlehampton's Stapleford Competition for the County Club Challenge Cup

B. B. Lemon (right) won the event with 27—9—36; M. H. Armstrong returned no card

G. F. Mickie returned second-best score of 21—12—33. Gordon Johnson was another who returned no card

B. G. Heming Johnson, chairman of the County Club, also made no return at Littlehampton; Commander Leslie Brown is honorary secretary of the County Club; A. G. Divington scored 22—8¾—30¾

Sport

On Land and Water

Frinton and its attractions are in season again, not the least being the lawn tennis tournament where newly-won Wimbledon reputations are tried. These two were men's singles finalists in the tournament—John Olliff and Ghaus Mahommed, the Champion of India. The latter beat the former by two sets to one

***Bait-casting** was the sport that attracted an international entry at Ranelagh, where the British Casting Association held its European championships. Above are Captain T. L. Edwards, who broke the ¼-oz. distance record with 106 yards 2 ft. 6 in.; and M. P. E. Creusevaut, French champion, who broke the 1-oz. record with 125 yards 5 in.*

***Two more casters** at the Ranelagh championships were Mlle. A. M. Jeanteur, who recently broke the European trout-fly record, and M. Godart, world champion for distance and accuracy. The French, that great race of fishermen, provided a distinguished entry who carried numerous prizes.*

***Time-keeper** at Ranelagh was Brig.-General Sir Osborne Mance, on the left with his sand-glass chronometer*

***The sea** is also an attraction at Frinton: here Valerie Scott puts her weight and trust on Tom Frame Thompson, ex-Cambridge stroke, while Livia Paravicini looks on. Miss Scott beat Kay Stammers for the Frinton ladies' title, was partnered by Mlle. Paravicini in the handicap doubles*

***Caber-tossing** is part of the fitness programme at Gordon Castle, Fochabers, where Lord Malcolm and Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, younger sons of the Duke of Hamilton, are running a school for physical training instructors. Here Lord Malcolm tosses, while Lord David, whose wife is leading the British troupe of gymnasts at the Stockholm Lingiad, looks on*

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Daily Telegraph" Finals

The "Daily Telegraph" Golf Cup at Wentworth

Top: Lady Birkenhead presented the Cup to the winner, Miss K. S. Simons (West Runton), a 25-handicap player, whose score was 74+72=146. She also headed the Bronze Division. Below: Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the organiser, is with the runner-up, Miss M. Hampson (Worcester: 3), whose score of 72+76=148 topped the Silver Division, and the winner, Miss Simons

Girls' Championship Entry Form is on page iv.

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form will appear August 23rd.

Two Silver Division players are at the tenth tee above — Mrs. P. Fraser (Portishead: 16) and Miss S. Smith (Furness: 14), who was fourth in her division, eighth in the whole competition. 25,000 players from all over England and Wales played in the preliminary rounds of this vast tournament. Miss Helme describes the finals in her article

It was a little bewildering. Here was I, scarcely unpacked after three weeks amongst the blessed hills of Scotland, almost forgetful that such a thing as a typewriter or a newspaper existed, that a camera could take anything except landscape, or field glasses observe the flight of the ball as well as of the heron, flung back into the familiar golfing world wherein twenty-five thousand folk have found intense enjoyment, in their efforts to arrive at the *Daily Telegraph* finals at Wentworth, and having arrived, to win.

Not, of course, that all the twenty-five thousand were there. Twenty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight of them had necessarily fallen by the way, leaving seventy-two gallant survivors to battle. From near and far they came; as near as Sunningdale, as far as North Wales, and with hardly an exception all refusing to be depressed or worried, even if they found unplayable places, or thought the West course too long and difficult for the likes of themselves. So it was an eminently cheerful and delightful day, with a Bronze Division winner, by way of a change from last year, and a back-marker second, so that nobody whatever, their handicap, could say with truth "this is no tournament for me."

The temperament that thrives on thirty-six-hole medal-play, is perhaps a thing to itself. At any rate, it seems worth remembering that Miss K. S. Simons, from West Runton, and Miss M. Hampson, from Worcestershire, respectively first and second this year, were both in the first half-dozen last.

It is possible to doubt whether Miss Simons will ever make a really tip-top golfer, largely because she has no burning ambition to become one; yet watching her cursorily there is no striking evidence of her 25 handicap, and a good many with far greater pretensions than she, might have envied the way she rolled up the approach putts so dead in the afternoon, both times followed an indifferent outward half with a really good homeward one, and refused to be frightened or let slip the big lead she held at lunch time. In the morning the Bronze division were on the West course, and Miss Simons' 97 — 25 = 72 there, where the par is 76, was even more remarkable than Miss M. Mather's 86—16=70 on the East, where it is 73. But perhaps it was even more commendable on Miss Simons' part, after endangering her place with 52 out on the East after lunch, to get home in 47, and so carry off the big challenge cup open to either division with 74 net on the East, plus her 72 net on the West=146.

Yet since it is impossible not to think and write in terms of gross scores, the real heroine of the day was Miss Hampson, who was round the East in 75 before lunch, and the West in 79 after, thus, with her handicap of 3, totalling 148 net on the day and filling second place.

She is truly a player of promise who ought to bring credit to the Midlands; not quite long enough yet perhaps, possibly making it difficult for herself to be so with such a very abbreviated short swing, though this has so beautifully balanced a finish to it that criticism seems a little hard. I remember being struck with Miss Hampson in this competition last year; she is thought a lot of in the Midlands, and is just the right age to fulfil expectations. Mrs. Crompton is doing her very best to put Midland golf not only on the map, but right in the centre of it, and if Miss Hampson is an example of what that division can produce, the others must look to their laurels. I learn, on emerging from my Highland fastnesses, that the Midlands fairly trounced the North a fortnight ago; next year the South Westerners are taking them on, and at this rate, the South-Eastern will have to take up the gauntlet too. These should be the real trials and practices for Selection Committees, and quite invaluable.

Which is a digression, only it seems very encouraging for Mrs. Crompton to see Midlanders doing so well.

Another player a few years younger struck me immensely at Wentworth, and that was Miss S. Smith, from Furness. She had a really lovely swing, and though that may not be everything, it is at least a good foundation for the rest to be built upon. As Miss Smith is only too old by a few months for the Girls' Championship, there is great hope that build she will. If so, her present handicap of fourteen must come down with a run. It looked like doing that at Wentworth, but things just went awry on both homeward halves. Mrs. Dewhurst, of Northwood, well in the running in the morning, kept going in the afternoon to take third place, though there was a wonderful recovery to tie for it from Miss J. Wintour, of Sunningdale, who got round the East in sixteen strokes fewer than she had the West, and handed in the lowest net card of the day, to wit, 67 on the East. I saw Miss M. Mather, of North Manchester, who was fourth, only at a rather depressing moment of unplayable ball, and Miss I. M. Falconer, who was fifth, not at all. So on them I cannot fairly comment.

The second *Daily Telegraph* tournament has certainly been even more successful than the first. What more could be said?

Elsa Maxwell, *famous for parties, wit and vitality, was at the Summer Sporting opening gala — here with General Pierre Polovstov. She is on her way to the Lido. Later she's off to Hollywood to play the leading part in a film about herself.*

Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart *(right) was at the Beach with Comtesse de Maupas. She is Swedish. Her brother-in-law, Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, married a Dutch girl, Selina Gerth van Wijk, two weeks ago*

Simone Simon, *her pretty face much freckled by Riviera sunbathing, was also at the opening night of the Summer Sporting, is dancing here with Irving Netcher, husband of Rosie Dolly*

Monte Carlo

Beach and Sporting Club

Lord Queensberry *has been busy organising the international boxing tournament for next Saturday, at Monte Carlo's new stadium. But the bout he's refereeing here was a put-up job for the Beach photographer—between John Harding, general manager of the National Sporting Club, who is his co-organiser, and Carl Brisson*

Cynthia Monteith *decorates the Beach in person, as she does dozens of advertisements in photographic replica. This ex-débutante has become a much-sought-after camera model. For escort here she has her brother Ronald*

Lady Mappin *doesn't hesitate to tell her christian name—she has it embroidered on the front of her very new, very neat beachsuit. Note the headdress style, which has swept out of favour all kerchiefs knotted under the chin*

Gardener's Chronicle

By R. C. Jenkinson

Anemones

I HAD not realised until this year what a long period the Coronaria anemones cover. In this country one thinks of them chiefly as spring flowers, grown in a frame on a hot-bed for picking, or more often to be bought cheaply enough, the earlier ones probably from the South of France, soon to be followed by the Cornishmen. For in the mild, sheltered spots of the Scilly Isles and Cornwall they are extensively grown for market. However, being tempted by the information in a catalogue about the prolongation of their flowering period, I got some corms in April and set them in lines in the kitchen garden, at an interval of a fortnight; it took each line six or seven weeks to commence flowering, but since the end of May we have picked hundreds of flowers, and still they go on.

The two used were the De Caen strain, for mixed colours, and His Excellency, large single scarlet with a white ring around his black centre. Nothing could be cheaper or easier or more beautiful in the result, and whether these plants flower next year or not, we shall plant these and other strains from February on at two-week intervals.

THAT other race of windflower from Japan —Anemone japonica—is just beginning to flower. They are no trouble to grow, but are probably happiest, and certainly loveliest, in company with: ferns; late-flowering lilies, such as Henryi, or Superbum; the two late monkshoods, Aconitum Fischeri and Wilsoni (twice as tall), both with medium blue flowers; bugbane, whose English name is so ugly, while in Latin so pretty—Cimicifuga Racemosa—with handsome cut foliage and four or five-foot wiry stems carrying slender racemes of creamy white. The anemones grow from two to four feet tall, are single, semi-double, or double, and vary from pure white to deep rose-pink. Personally, I prefer the singles, whose half-nodding flowers —whether white or pink—are cup-shaped, and surround a circlet of golden stamens.

I count that form of anemone japonica, called Hupehensis, from China, of good garden value, thereby disagreeing with its description in Farrer's *English Rock Garden*. Growing only 18 inches high, and asking for the same treatment, it flowers profusely with lovely soft amaranth-red cups surmounting dark or bronzy green leaves.

WHO has seen the Pasque flower—Anemone pulsatilla—and does not grow it? Ranging over the European Alps and down the mountains of Italy, as far south as Rome, it was probably brought to this country by the Romans. The English name comes from the green dye that it yields, and was used for colouring Easter eggs. Anyhow, it can now be found wild on old Roman encampments and earthworks, such as the Dyke, at Newmarket, where it is lovely, growing in dwarf tufts. But planted in the richer soil of our gardens it is ampler in all its parts, growing two or three times as tall. First appears a tussock of fur, silver-grey or dull golden, from which rise the nine-inch flower spikes to carry starry cups, all shaggy with silken down, of some shade of mauve or violet, and betassled with lemon-yellow stamens. These cups are pendant at first, but gradually grow erect as the fluffy seed-heads appear over the feathery foliage. There are white and shell-pink varieties, and a wonderful ruby-purple one, called Halleri, but give me the type. The best plan is to raise it from seed and select the colours you like, and then raise more from the best, for it is one of the loveliest of April plants.

Roses

THERE are two rampant roses that should be more grown: Rosa Helenæ (illustrated below) and Rosa filipes. They must be close cousins; both have immense pannicles of milk-white, sweetly-scented flowers, and ramble and scramble over anything near them. Whereas the latter has matt leaves, the former is rather glossy, has larger flowers, and blooms a fortnight earlier. The wise thing to do is to plant one of each sort, to cover a tree, or any support where the plants will have plenty of room to fling out their long, thorny growths. But an attractive feature can be made by making a tall tripod—large logs properly creosoted at their bases and tops—and then training either species up to the top, which should be fifteen feet tall, and allowing it to foam over in great waves of flowers. All the attention these pyramids would need is the cutting out of weak, flowerless wood. This is a very useful way of growing climbing roses, the height of the pyramid being regulated by the vigour of the rose.

WHILE the "climbing" sports of the Hybrid Teas, such as Lady Hillingdon and Mme. Abel Chatenay, must be grown on a wall or carefully tied to pole or pergola, the true climbers are at their best, I think, when they are given plenty of freedom, tied only to give them height, so that their flowering branchlets may fall out loosely and naturally. Rosa macrantha is a case in point: trained severely on wall or trellis, it loses half its beauty. Give it a pile of logs or a pyramid to scramble over at its leisure, and for a month or more it will rejoice your heart with a succession of single opalescent flowers of exquisite beauty—and it has scent.

I saw the other day a mass of this rose, invisibly supported by ten-foot poles, wandering over and among some tall evergreens — holly and yew, if I remember rightly, but it is immaterial —and in front was a plantation of delphinium Orion, most beautiful of the Belladonna section, if not of all delphiniums, with large flowers of the purest deep sky-blue.

***Rosa Helenae**: its sweet-scented mass of milk-white flowers rambles at will over any adjacent shrub, tree, or other support, throwing out shoots fifteen feet long*

Day Lilies

HEMEROCALLIS, or day lilies, are a much neglected genus, so easy to grow, so charming in flower for at least six weeks, and such admirable hosts and associates, with their two-foot arching, light-green leaves, for lilies, astilbes, and many others which like the same conditions. They are their own worst enemy. They will exist anywhere. Actually, they will be happy anywhere except in arid, parched soil or undrained bog. The muddy orange-brown of some of the new varieties I find unattractive. I love those of pure orange, yellow, or lemon hue. Of the first, "Corona" is a good example; of the second, "J. S. Gaynor"; while "Amber" is the best lemon I know. These three are a fitting memorial to the late Mr. George Yeld, who did so much to improve the beauty of the family by his careful hybridisation and selection.

The British Overseas Airways Corporation By Charles Ward

What's in a Name?

At the moment, it is proposed to christen the air-lines merger "British Overseas Airways Corporation," but Sir Kingsley Wood has promised to consider an alternative if the critics of this title can produce a unanimous verdict for a better one. Quite definitely, it's a clumsy title, and would be contracted to the serpentine "Boa" on the Stock Exchange, and to "British Airways" for everyday use, so why not give it that name from its inception. It will be a pity to lose "Imperials," a great name in the history of civil aviation, but the word, as such, is unpopular in the Dominions and Colonies. A further point is that air-lines to Warsaw, to Buenos Aires, to Honolulu, can scarcely be classed as Imperial, and these are but three foreign airports of hundreds that will be served by British services in years to come. With "British Airways" as a title, no one can quarrel, because it expresses what the Corporation will signify. The fact that it is the name of the junior partner in the merger will be forgotten in a year's time.

L'Entente Cordiale

The deal with Air France will be all to the good for the travelling public, for it enables services to be planned to suit its convenience. Many more British people than French use the Paris air route, and the pool will operate to give the maximum number of departures at the best times. Twenty a day are scheduled for the summer, and fourteen a day during the winter. Tickets will be interchangeable, but no reduction in fares is contemplated at present. Mails between London and the Riviera have been speeded up by a night air-service to the South of France. The mail 'plane leaves Le Bourget at 9 p.m., reaching Marseilles at 11.30, returning to Paris at 12.45 a.m. Letters to and from Nice and Cannes posted at night will be delivered within twenty-four hours. France has been greatly impressed by the faultless efficiency of R.A.F. flights over its territory. Hundreds of pilots have carried out formation journeys without incident or accident.

Air Survey in the Empire

On the occasion of a visit by the Field Survey Association to the drawing offices of the Aircraft Operating Company, the managing director, Major Hemming referred to the important part being played by air survey in the development of territory and trade. The Bermuda and West Atlantic Aviation Company, which was formed immediately after the war, was the first private concern to carry out air surveying for commercial purposes. The first Government to do this work was that of Canada. Many thousands of square miles in the Dominion have been surveyed, and a central library has been established where the public can purchase air-photographs at a reasonable price. The Canadians were the first to develop a technique for the rapid mapping of extensive areas of flat country by means of oblique photography, and the Aircraft Operating Company applied a modified form of this system for mapping an area of 65,000 square miles of bush country in Northern Rhodesia, some ten years ago. While the use of oblique photographs for mapping has the advantages of cheapness and speed, the moment a country starts to develop, there is a call for vertical photography, as this will show so much more useful data.

The airport finger-post at Elmdon, Birmingham, was presented to the Corporation by the consulting engineers, Norman and Dawbarn, as an alternative to the customary golden key or trowel

Mohammed Rouchdy Bey, C.B.E., first Egyptian Director-General of Civil Aviation. He learnt to fly at Heston, and holds a commercial pilot's licence

Progress in Africa

In Africa, air survey has been carried out almost entirely by private enterprise. The Topographical Survey Department of the South African Government has recently established a unit of its own, but the A.O.C. Africa is carrying out Government contracts and, in fact, is now completing an air survey of the Union. The Company forms part of the Union Defence Forces under the name of Transvaal Air Survey and Photographic Squadron. During the past ten years, the A.O.C. has sent survey expeditions to North, Central and East Africa, and is now about to extend operations to the West Coast. Within the last few weeks a very successful air survey for one of the oil groups in Egypt has been completed. There is no doubt of the success of mapping from the air, or, rather, from photographs taken from an aircraft. The wealth of detail revealed by the camera is of value to every expert observer who examines the pictures, after each has been related to its neighbours to form a map, and the fact that much of the detail is invisible from the ground makes the air method almost indispensable.

London-Los Angeles—40 Hours

British and American air services are to bring London within forty hours of the western coast of America, which is nearly 6000 miles away. Similar arrangements are to be made with Holland, Italy, France and Germany, the two last-named already having established routes across the Atlantic. The first British air-mail departure is scheduled for Saturday next, under the command of Captain J. C. Kelly Rogers. The "Cabot" will carry 1000 lb. of mail, and will be refuelled in the air after leaving the Irish airport at Foynes. The records of to-day inevitably become the routine of to-morrow. William Van Deusen, an official of Pan-American Airways, has flown the Atlantic four times in a fortnight, twice by the southern, and twice by the northern route. Mrs. Clara Adams has flown 24,700 miles round the world in seventeen days, using regular air-liners. Her fares were £380, with incidentals including, presumably, entertaining costing £100. Russell Frost, retired business chief, is the oldest man to fly the Atlantic to date—his age is ninety, or if judged by the standard adopted by Bernard Shaw, rising 100. Perhaps civil aviation has not developed too late to avert a war after all. When distance is no longer a barrier to a personal interview, there can be no excuse for not finding out the other fellow's point of view. The snag so far is that the real people in authority refuse to take advantage of the most rapid form of foreign travel.

Last Week's Good Cause

The Guild of Air Pilots' display, at Redhill on Saturday last, was organised to draw attention to the Benevolent Fund which takes care of the dependants of Civil pilots who are killed or injured on duty. No better cause can be commended to all who fly. The Air League is proposing to organise a civil air day later in the season, and presumably the bulk of the proceeds will be devoted to the same object.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

As usual, "The Welsh" was definitely the most enjoyable of the year's rallies. The weather, admittedly, was outrageous, but the right rally spirit prevailed nevertheless, and I'm sure that if the organisers had tried the experiment of taking entries for next year's rally at reduced rates on the Saturday night, they would have re-enlisted this year's competitors almost en bloc.

My own mount was a black and grey, 4½-litre, straight-eight Nash-engined Jensen, on a short chassis fitted with a special two-door saloon and it caught the Judges' eyes to such good purpose that not only did it win its class in the Coachwork Competition, but it also carried off the Premier Award for the best Two-door Saloon car in the entire Rally.

I see that a number of correspondents in the *Sunday Times* have "let themselves go" of late on the subject of the A.A. and the R.A.C. Personally I feel that membership of either of these august bodies principally benefits motorists who take their cars abroad; and I quite fail to appreciate the attitude of these organisations towards their members when it comes to the question of utilising their subscriptions.

There is, for example, the question of A.A. and R.A.C. traffic-duty men. Few will deny that motorists contribute sufficient cash each year in special taxation to be entitled to expect adequate traffic control without also having a proportion of their subscriptions to their own organisations spent in this way for the benefit of *all* road-users. Remember, motorists are also ratepayers. Why should not the necessary traffic control be undertaken by the appropriate local authorities?

Again, there is the question of signposts and route-diversion markings. Surely there is no logical reason why the A.A. and R.A.C. should expect their members to pay for these things for the benefit of mankind at large? In the case of the R.A.C. alone, this body has control over all motoring sport events for cars; and its associated concern, the Auto-Cycle Union, similarly rules all motor-cycling sporting events in this country.

And yet we find these bodies organising races in open competition with other promoters whom they are appointed to control. Does that strike you as right?

In the matter of the A.C.U., this body organises the motor-cycle T.T. races in the Isle of Man each year, and I see that the Manx Legislature has again sanctioned the usual grant of £3500 in respect of the 1940 races. Nevertheless, the Manx Legislature did not sanction this grant without some slight discussion. The Speaker of the House of Keys said that he had had a number of interviews with the A.C.U., during which he had endeavoured to find out how the A.C.U. administered this considerable sum of Manx money. He had been able, he said, to find out precisely nothing. Another speaker said that it had been established that the expense of running the T.T. races was £2500, so that it looked as though the Isle of Man were contributing £1000 a year to the general administrative expenses of the A.C.U.

Now this is not a very nice suggestion to have made, for is not the A.C.U. officially appointed to control the sport of motor-cycle racing?

A POLICY of continuity of existing models with price reductions of some cars, is announced by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., in their plans for the 1940 season. The range of "Flying Standard" cars covers every popular capacity, including "Eight," "Nine," "Ten," "Twelve," "Fourteen," and "Twenty" categories, and cars delivered on and after July 12th are known as 1940 types, with the new prices fully effective.

While there is no change in specification, price reductions take place on "Ten" and "Twelve" saloons, the new prices being: "Ten" super-saloon, £179; and "Twelve" de luxe saloon, £219; showing savings which will offset the increased tax operative from January 1st next. Prices of the remaining Standard cars are unchanged, except in the case of the "Eight" open tourer, which has been increased from £125 to £129.

A TYRE which does not "whine" is announced by Dunlop. "Whine" on straight-ahead running has been cut out by a new arrangement of the studs. They are now not only irregular in length, but the studs in one rib do not regularly correspond with those in the next. This stops the steady drumming on the road which produces a regular high note.

The new Dunlop "Standard" has been tested first for sixteen months over 400,000 miles of every type of road in the British Isles, often at night and in the early morning, when the test cars can be run at an average speed of 45 m.p.h. It has been tried out for a further 400,000 miles under a considerable overload in the test-house at Fort Dunlop; to give a sufficient safety margin for all reasonable misuse, a tyre which normally carries 9 cwt. at 36 lb. per sq. in. is tested under at least 15½ cwt. Here, too, by dropping heavy wedge-shaped tools on it from a height, the tyre has shown its resistance to sharp impacts, such as driving into a kerb, which would normally cause a burst.

Standard: *this "Ten" saloon, a model noted for its roominess, low-cost performance — 38-40 m.p.g., 63 m.p.h. — and suspension, is seen at Tenby, South Wales*

Humber: *the newest "Snipe" carries on the traditions of its predecessors—smart performance, high power to weight ratio, and the famous Humber "Evenkeel" suspension*

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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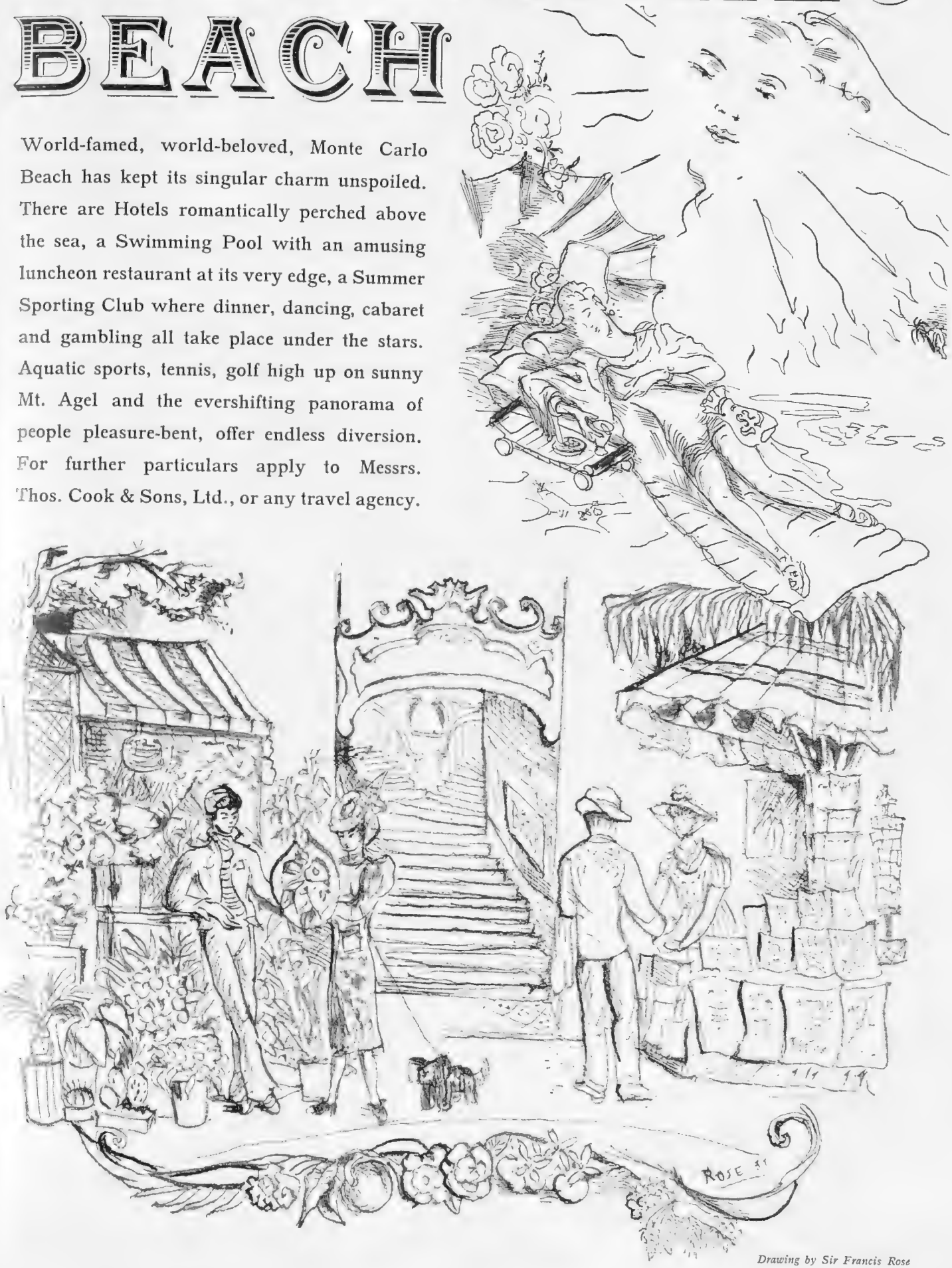

Drawing by Sir Francis Rose

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (21st Year)

HOLDER: SHEILA STROYAN

Scratch Match Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 13th, 14th and 15th. No Qualifying Round.

September 11th—International Match, Scotland *v.* England.

September 12th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 15th, 1939.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting-list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 25th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears on the right.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

The two semi-finalists, 1938, and six next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

A *Consolation Tournament* will be held on the 14th and the morning of 15th for the *eight youngest competitors* who have been beaten in the first or second rounds. Prizes to the winner and runner-up.

A *Scratch Bogey Competition* for the Craig Challenge Cup will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland *v.* England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 11th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

SCOTLAND *v.* ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1939, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON HOTEL, 10s. 6d. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — **No Entrance Fee**

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

21st Year.

Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1939.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 25th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

*Cross out whichever does not apply.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 2—August 8

First Night and Matinée days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—An over-written study of the clash of period temperaments gives Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth chances they mostly take: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—Harcourt Williams has produced Dorothy Sayers' new-style version of the *Faust* legend; a play with something to say: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—Abraham Sofaer and Ernest Jay are the people who get ungentle with gangster Clement McCallin in quite a good, funny play: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: New, 8.40. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30 (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—This delicious Irish comedy revived, with Zena Dare, Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Sinclair in their original parts; short season; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Jessica Tandy, Leslie French, D. A. Clarke-Smith and Tristam Lawson in this favourite: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (last days).

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

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REVUDEVILLE No. 124.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Jack Jackson

The well-known dance band leader, who used to be at the Dorchester, was commanded to play at the Buckingham Palace ball for Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia. In order to comply, he was obliged to fly from Southport, where he was making a personal appearance

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse in her original character sketches: King's, Hammersmith, 8. Wed., Thurs., 2.30 (last days).

First Nights

MALVERN.—The Festival in the West opens with *What Say They?*, a comedy of Scottish university life by James Bridie: Mon., 7th.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—Bridie's apocryphal frolic starts at the Open Air Theatre on Mon., 7th.

CINEMAS

CAPTAIN FURY (American).—Tough stuff about sheep-raising and convict labour in Australia in the 'forties, with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen: Tivoli.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner and Regal.

DRAME DE SHANGHAI (French).—Louis Jouvet in war-menaced China; a Pabst film: Academy.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE FOUR JUST MEN (British).—Edgar Wallace's thriller makes good film stuff for Hugh Sinclair, Griffith Jones, Frank Lawton, Anna Lee: Gaumont.

A GIRL MUST LIVE (British).—Renee Houston and Lilli Palmer and Margaret Lockwood mixed up with the peerage, in the person of Hugh Sinclair: New Gallery.

LES OTAGES (French).—A Montague and Capulet theme in a French war-scarred village; good acting by Charpin, Annie Vernay, local people: Paris.

LUCKY NIGHT (American).—Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy in a sophisticate: Empire.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (American).—Dorothy Lamour leaves the jungle for the boulevards, to meet Jack Benny and Edward Arnold in a comedy: Carlton.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller about spies and aeroplane-stealers; cast headed by Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson: Odeon (last days).

THE SPY IN BLACK (British).—Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson in some dirty work in the Orkneys: Odeon.

THE SUN NEVER SETS (American).—Gold Coast empire-builders in difficulties, political and emotional—Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Virginia Field: Leicester Square.

UN DE LA LÉGION (French).—Fernandel in a comedy of Foreign Legion life: Curzon.

Premiere

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza, Fri., 4th.

BALLET

RAM GOPAL.—The Hindu dancer, with his company of dancers and musicians, gives a season of classical Indian dances: Aldwych, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHOWS and SPORT

BANK HOLIDAY MOTOR RACING.—Brooklands, Mon. 7th.

COWES WEEK.—The R.Y.S. Regatta in the Isle of Wight goes on till Sat., 5th.

NAVY WEEK.—The Royal Navy at home to the public: Portsmouth, Chatham, Southsea, and Plymouth, from Sat., 5th, for a week (not Sun., 6th).

PRENTICE CUP MATCHES.—Yale and Harvard v. Oxford and Cambridge, lawn tennis: Eastbourne, Sat., 5th, Mon., 7th.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer

Bunty Hunter

Phyllis Morva (Bunty) Dalzell Hunter, only child of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. B. Dalzell Hunter, of 33, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea, is to marry Lieut. John Ronald Gordon Trechman, R.N., only son of the late J. E. Trechman, and Mrs. Trechman, of Pear Tree Cottage, Sarratt, Herts.

Kay Vaughan

Mildred May Ritchie

Is the elder daughter of Sir Adam and Lady Ritchie, of Boreham Manor, Chelmsford; she is to marry Captain Edward Noel Hilary Bryant, The Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Charles H. Bryant, of Copsale, Horsham, Surrey

Lenare

Evelyn Walter

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Walter, of Tacolneston Hall, Norwich; she is to marry, on August 5th, at Tacolneston, Halvard Braekstad, son of the late H. L. Braekstad, and Mrs. Braekstad, of Norway

Pearl Freeman

Cynthia Birch Reynardson

Is the elder daughter of Captain Henry Birch Reynardson C.M.G., and Mrs. Reynardson, of Aldwell House, Tetsworth, Oxford; she is engaged to Humphrey Prideaux, 3rd Carabiniers, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prideaux, of Elderslie, Ockley

Pearl Freeman

Sheila Mallett

Is the daughter of Sir Roland and Lady Mallett, of the Gables, Minchinhampton, Glos.; she sails on August 19th for Toronto to marry there Donald Howard Jupp, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jupp, of 7, Stormont Road, Highgate

Pearl Freeman

Diana Coxhead

Is the daughter of the late Major M. E. Coxhead, Royal Fusiliers, and Mrs. Coxhead, of Tolpedn, Exmouth, Devon; she is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. C. C. Barker, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Barker, of 97, King's Gate, Bridlington, Yorks.

Lenare

Jessica St. Aubyn

Is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. F. C. St. Aubyn, of 61, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; she is engaged to John Patrick Koppel, son of the late Percy Alexander Koppel, C.M.G., C.B.E., and Mrs. Koppel, of 5, Sumner Place, S.W.

Lenar.

Sheila Atkinson

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hanmer Atkinson, of Woodbank, Hanmer Springs, New Zealand; she is to marry Captain Mervyn Atchison Foster, R.A., son of Gen. Sir Richard and Lady Foster, of Ladywell, Speen, Newbury

Dale — Willoughby-Osbourne

Robert Henry Dale, only son of Sir Henry Dale, Director of the National Institute for Medical Research, and Lady Dale, of Mount Vernon House, N.W.3, and Mary Willoughby-Osbourne, daughter of the late Colonel A. de V. Willoughby-Osbourne, and Mrs. Willoughby-Osbourne, of Hinksey Hill, Oxford, were married at Oxford

Harrison — Haggerston

Richard Grenville Harrison married Ursula Haggerston in the Private Oratory at her home, Ellingham Hall, Northumberland. He is the son of Col. L. K. Harrison, of Springfield House, Leicester, and she is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Charlton de Marie Haggerston, Bt., of Ellingham, and sister of the present Baronet

Smith — Rose

Peter Hugh Smith, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Christian Smith, of Sigglesthorne Hall, near Hull, Yorks., and Jean Diana Rose, daughter of the late Capt. R. H. W. Rose, and Mrs. Ronald Rose, of the Paddock, Yateley, Hants., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Miller-Cunningham — Woodbridge

George D. Miller-Cunningham and Ruth Woodbridge were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He is the only son of Sir George Miller-Cunningham, of Leithen Lodge, Innerleithen, Peebleshire, and the late Lady Cunningham. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodbridge, of Uxbridge

Affleck Graves — Bailey

Lieut. Gerald Affleck Graves, R.N., younger son of the late Captain Dermot Affleck Graves, R.E., and Lady Moens, of Emsworth, Hants., and Mary Moorhouse Bailey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bailey, of Keecha, Leamington Spa, were married at All Saints', Emscote, Leamington Spa

Nott — Wormell

Arthur Nott, Worcestershire Regiment, son of the late J. Harley Nott, and Mrs. Nott, of Bodenham Hall, near Hertford, and Carmen Isabel Wormell, daughter of the Rev. Rowland and Mrs. Wormell, of Sidcup, Kent, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Bagot — Marriott

Charles Bagot, Essex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bagot, of 25, Rusholme Road, S.W.15, and Lucy Marriott, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Marriott, of 60, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, were married in June at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Macafee — Lewis

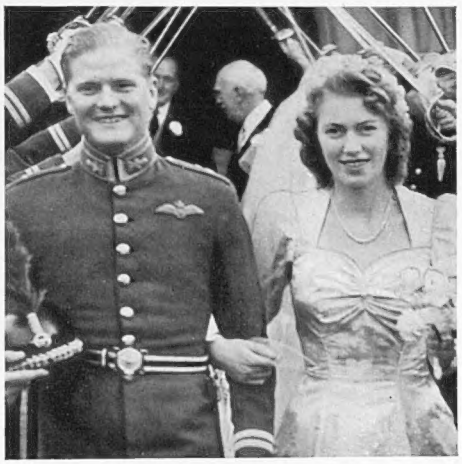
John L. Anketell Macafee, Royal Marines, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Macafee, of Clonallen, Armagh, Ireland, and Mary Ruth Noel Lewis, daughter of Commander and Mrs. G. W. Lewis, of Green Court, Bredhurst, Kent, were married at St. Peter's, Bredhurst

Curry — Instone

John Curry and Patricia Instone, daughter of the late Sir Samuel Instone, and Lady Instone, of 11, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, were married at Marylebone Register Office. He is the only son of the late Thomas Walton Curry, and Mrs. Curry, of 81, Rodney Court, London

Collon — Fitzwilliams Hyde

Alexandre Collon, elder son of the late Auguste Collon, and Mme. Collon, of Tirlemont, Belgium, and Petronella Fitzwilliams Hyde, younger daughter of the late Major John Fitzwilliams, and Mrs. Fitzwilliams Hyde, of Longworth House, Abingdon, Berks., were married at Holy Trinity, Gloucester Terrace

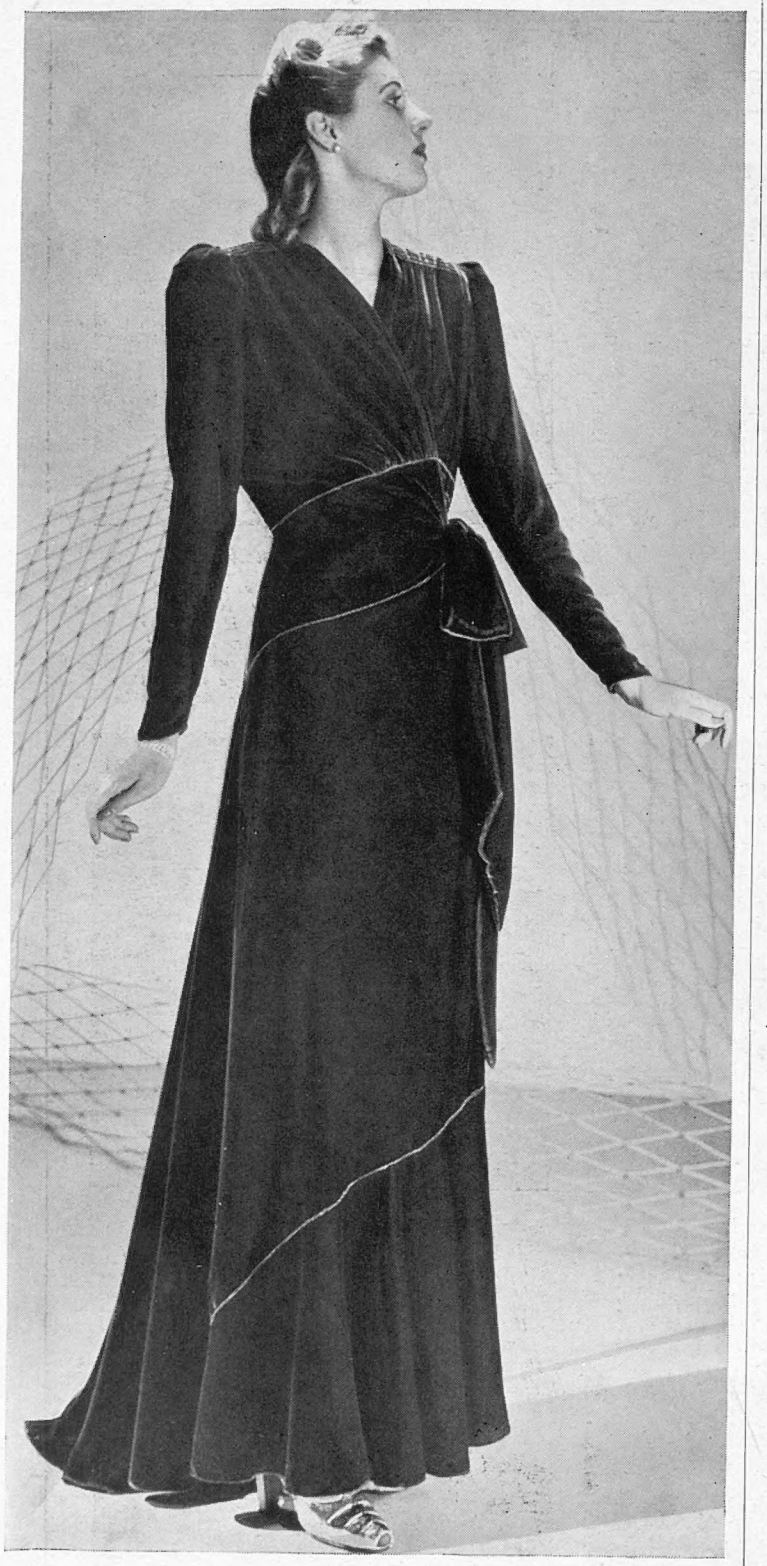


Slater — Hayter

Flt.-Lieut. J. H. Slater, R.A.F., son of Captain and Mrs. G. Slater, of Milford, Ashtead, Surrey, and Marian Hayter, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. Hayter, Burghclere Grange, Newbury, Berks., were married at the Church of the Ascension, Newbury

Robin — Croft

Ian Gibson Robin, of 16, Wimpole St., W.1, and Shelagh Marian Croft were married at St. Mary's, Lambeth, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom Miss Croft was secretary for four years. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Croft, of St. Margaret's, Marryat Road, Wimbledon; his are Dr. and Mrs. A. Robin, of 8, Napier Road, Edinburgh



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